

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

No. 819, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

## LITERATURE.

*The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri.* Vol. II. By E. H. Plumptre. (Isbister.)

THIS concluding volume of Dean Plumptre's great and laborious work contains (1) the translation of the *Paradiso* in *terza rima* in continuation of the two earlier *Cantiche* published about a year ago; (2) the translation of the whole of the comparatively little-read *Canzoniere*, in form and metre corresponding as far as possible to the varied types of the original poems; also of the paraphrases (of very doubtful authenticity) known as the *Credo*, *Sacramenta*, *Ave Maria*, &c.; and of the curious poetical correspondence in Latin eclogues between Dante and his friend, Joannes de Virgilio, which are full of interesting personal allusions and details; (3) a series of "studies" on subjects of great interest to students of Dante, though, unfortunately, not including the whole of the programme foreshadowed in the first volume. In particular, we regret not to see here one of the subjects promised, which the dean would certainly have treated with peculiar skill—viz., Dante as an interpreter of Scripture.

On translations of the *Commedia* generally and of the earlier portion of this translation in particular so much has already been said in the ACADEMY that we may pass rapidly over this portion of the subject. One gladly recognises the very great skill with which the dean handles the extremely difficult instrument of the *terza rima* which he has chosen—difficult both in itself and still more under the circumstances of translation. The severity of the conditions both of rhyme and metre inevitably leads sometimes to loss of, addition to, or alteration in, the precise ideas and features of the original. The rhymes generally seem very fair and true, but occasionally proper names have been awkwardly manipulated to afford a rhyme, as in *Sardanapal'*, *Montemal'*, *Salterell'*, &c. The only case noticed of an entirely false rhyme (probably an oversight) is "*Jerusalem*" rhyming with "*greed*" and "*freed*" in *Par.* xix. 128-133.

We may point out, though in no captious spirit, some instances in which, either from the exigencies of rhyme or, perhaps, from occasional "*incuria*" inevitable in so long a task, the exact spirit of the original is not quite satisfactorily reproduced. It is surely wrong, for instance, in *Par.* viii. 147,

"E fate re di tal che è di sermone,"

to translate—

"And take as king some sermonising fool."

Dante (see ll. 139-148) is deploring the

diversion of special natural gifts to unsuitable lines of life; in short, the attempt, as we say, to fit "round pegs into square holes." The point here, therefore, surely is that one who might have been really great as a preacher or an orator (in probable allusion to King Robert of Naples; see Villani, quoted by Scartazzini *h.l.*) is spoilt by becoming a king, and in that capacity succeeds ill.

Another case of an unhappily imported idea (though here rhyme, at any rate, has nothing to do with it) occurs in *Par.* xxvi. 97. "Tal volta un animal coperta broglia"—"As oft we see some *poor brute* moving still." Why "*poor brute*"? It seems an idea quite inappropriate to the context of the original, which refers to a tame or pet animal; perhaps, as the dean himself suggests, a favourite cat. Another case in which the meaning seems to be somewhat missed is that curious passage about the *lettere mozzo*, in which Dante says that the faults of Frederick II. of Sicily are to be recorded (see *Par.* xix. 133-5). The dean translates—

"And to show well how mean he is and vile,  
The writing shall in letters maimed be shown,  
Which, noting much, are read in little while."

The point clearly is not that his faults could be "*read in little while*," but that numerous as they were they should be recorded in abbreviated characters and crowded into a *little space* to show contempt for him (*δὲ ὀβριμ*), as though he were not worth wasting good paper or parchment upon. Once more, in *Par.* xvi. 10, "*Dal voi, che prima Roma sofferie*" means merely, "which Rome first suffered, or tolerated." An entirely alien idea is introduced by translating "which suffering Rome first spake."

The next portion of the work is the translation of the *Canzoniere*. It will certainly be a great help to the English student to have the dean's careful and scholarly translation as his guide through the not always very interesting mazes of these highly artificial poems. The arrangement adopted (apparently that of Fraticelli) is most convenient, being chronological, so far as internal evidence enables us approximately to arrange the poems in connexion with the chief known landmarks of Dante's life. We add as a specimen of these translations the rendering of one of Dante's best known and most touching sonnets, that occurring in the forty-first chapter of the *Vita Nuova*, and commencing "*Deh peregrini,*" &c.

"Ye pilgrims, who pass on with thoughtful mien,  
Musing, perchance, of things now far away,  
Take ye from such a distant land your way,  
As one may judge from what in you is seen?  
For ye weep not, as ye pass on between  
The woeful city's streets in sad array,  
As they might do whose careless looks display  
That they know nought of all her anguish keen.  
But if ye will remain with wish to hear,  
My heart tells me in sooth with many a sigh,  
That, as ye leave it, ye will surely weep:  
She hath beheld her Beatrice die,  
And what a man may wish to say of her,  
Hath power the hearers' eyes in tears to steep."

We turn now with great interest to the "Studies," which occupy about one-third of the volume. The first is on the "*Genesis and Growth of the Commedia*." The dean here traces distinctly the preparatory part which each of the other works of Dante played in reference to his *magnum opus*, not

omitting to indicate the internal evidence in each case for the period of their composition. It is noticeable that the *Divina Commedia* and the *Vita Nuova* are the only works in which Dante carried his plan to completion, the *De Monarchia*, the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and the *Convito* above all, being mere fragments of the original design in each case. One after another of these works was abandoned as the idea of the *Commedia* took full possession of his mind. The *Vita Nuova* itself (having regard to its concluding sentences) is hardly an exception to this. Next we have a full, though very brief, enumeration of the external sources of the poem in previous visions of the unseen world, from the sixth book of the *Aeneid* down to the *Tesoretto* of Dante's own master, Brunetto Latini. We have, further, a list of the principal authors studied or quoted by Dante, with an estimate of their influence upon him, among whom we may note especially Hugh of St. Victor (treated of at very great length in Labin's *Studi*), Bonaventura, the Abbot Joachim, and "the Everlasting Gospel" (pp. 397-401). The dean, I think, perhaps a little exaggerates the influence of St. Augustine, though Dante himself confesses to it in reference to a special point in his epistle to Can Grande, c. 28. The dean speaks of St. Augustine as "*Dante's Master*" (p. 429), and also of the "position assigned to Augustine" in *Par.* x. 120—a passage which contains merely a passing allusion to his (St. Augustine's) appreciation of (probably) Orosius. He has, indeed, "a position assigned to him" in *Par.* xxxii. 35; but otherwise I have always considered the comparatively inconspicuous recognition of St. Augustine in the *Paradiso* as one among many of the anomalies found in Dante's hagiology. The dean's wide reading suggests many interesting literary comparisons, such as that of the *Purgatorio* with the *Confessions*, and to some extent also with the *Retractions*, of St. Augustine, and with the recantations of Cardinal Newman; also that of the dedicatory letter of the *Paradiso* addressed to Can Grande with Spenser's epistle to Sir W. Raleigh respecting the *Faerie Queene* (p. 358). Indeed, a conspicuous feature of the work is the abundant wealth of quotations from classical and other authors, either embodied in the notes (which, as before, are models of concise information and illustration), or serving as graceful ornaments of style in the essays.

The second and most elaborate study is on "*Estimates Contemporary and Later of Dante*," in which the fortunes of Dante's reputation are traced through succeeding centuries in the literature of England, Italy, France, Germany, and America. We have an account not only of the principal writers upon Dante himself, but also of his influence upon, or recognition by, many whose names are great in literature, politics, or art down to our own day. To us, naturally, the portion relating to England has a special interest. The dean gives us a most interesting *catena* of great names in our literature who have alluded to, or been influenced by, Dante, beginning, of course, with Chaucer, and including (among many others) Sidney, Spenser, Sir T. Browne, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Shelley, Byron, &c. The list of those in whom Dante is rather conspicuous by his absence is also interesting: Shakspeare (in

spite of a recent theory advocated with much learning and ingenuity), Dryden, Wordsworth, and more recently Arnold, Thirlwall, Stanley, and Newman. To these may be added, from Germany, Schiller and Lessing. Finally, we have what we may call a black list of those who knew Dante, but failed to appreciate him, and in some cases vehemently condemned him, such as Voltaire, Goethe, Leigh Hunt, and Landor. *Per contra*, we find an enthusiastic admirer, where we should scarcely have expected it, in Comte, who "looked on the daily reading of a canto of the *Commedia* and a chapter in the *De Imitatione* as an almost essential element in spiritual self-culture" (p. 472). The list of works on Dante is tolerably copious, but curiously indiscriminating, books good, bad (thoroughly so), and indifferent being mentioned *per simplicem enumerationem*. It is a little startling to find among "works well worth consulting" (a very restricted list, moreover), on p. 466, Mrs. Oliphant's *Dante*—a shallow piece of popular book-making disfigured in the translations (a part of the work which is, at any rate, quite original) by the most grotesque blunders in rudimentary Italian grammar. It was a pity to disturb its oblivion. Another merely superficial work, which is still more distinctly recommended, is Ampère's (so-called) *Voyage Dantesque*, "as the records of the pilgrimage of a devout worshipper to every place that had been made sacred by its association with Dante's life." It might, I think, be more accurately described by borrowing the title of a well-known work of De Maistre as *Voyage [Dantesque] autour de ma Chambre*, since it is quite evident, from some of his ludicrous blunders, that some, at any rate, of the places described the brilliant author (for he certainly is that) never visited at all.

Studies 3 and 4 are upon "Dante as an Observer and Traveller," and on "Portraits of Dante." The former has more of a "popular" character than the other studies, and displays something of the tendency which the dean had exhibited in "The Life" in vol. i. to erect elaborate conjectural hypotheses on a very slender foundation of fact. In this study, as in two or three other places in the volume (pp. 59, 138, 525), the dean recurs to his favourite conjecture that Dante not only visited England, but probably also Wells Cathedral. In vol. i. this was based on the fact that Dante twice draws a simile from the works of a clock, and clocks being then rare, there was one of some celebrity at Wells. This argument is now emphasised by a very questionable interpretation of *Par. x.* 139, &c., that the circling dance of the glorified spirits is here compared not, as in *Par. xxiv.* 13-15, to the "inner works" of the clock, but to the "outward mechanism" by which, "as at Strasburg and Wells," a procession of figures wheels round as the clock strikes the hour. To say nothing of the somewhat undignified nature of such a comparison, it loses the force of the reference in l. 142 (as in *Par. xxiv.*, l.c.) to the visible complicated mechanism, and still more to the harmonious melody (l. 143), which—as Scartazzini observes—is much more suggestive of a *carillon* (which would also require the elaborate mechanism) than of the mere striking of the hour.

A few minor corrections may perhaps be

suggested. In *Par. xiii.* 125 we have, as in some other modern translations, the imaginary "Brisseus" instead of "Bryson." It may be questioned whether this is not an error rather of Dante than of his translator. He of course knew Aristotle only through a translation, and, as I think it can be abundantly proved, probably through the *Antiqua Translatio* as printed with the works of Aquinas. He would there find (at any rate in *Post. Anal. ii.* 9) the name as "Brisso"—not, as in later translations, "Brisson"—which he probably adopted as it stood. It is twice stated (pp. 357, 421) that the first occurrence of the title "*Divina Commedia*" occurs in the Venice edition of 1554. This, in any case, probably refers to the edition of Giolito in 1555; but the assertion (though it is, I believe, to be found elsewhere) is erroneous, since the title is found in a Venetian edition as early as 1516 (see Colomb de Batines, *Bibliografia*, vol. i., p. 78). In the note on Sonnet x. (p. 219) it is stated that Juvenal is called "sage" (*il savio*) in *Conv. iv.* 13. I think it is pretty certain that the expression is there applied to Boethius, not Juvenal; since, though a loose quotation of the well-known line "*Cantabit vacuus*," &c., is there introduced by the expression "*dice il Savio*," Dante's words very closely reproduce a passage of Boethius, *De Cons. Phil. ii.* 5 *fin.*, but have a much less precise resemblance to the language of Juvenal. Hence he is almost certainly quoting here from Boethius, to whom the expression *il savio* would more naturally apply. Dante does not seem to have been specially familiar with Juvenal, though he quotes him (in both cases, *Sat. viii.*), once in the *De Mon.* and once in the *Conv.* In one or two other places (e.g., *Par. xv.* 107, and perhaps *Purg. xxi.* 88) we may however suspect reminiscences.

These are but small points, and not perhaps altogether beyond dispute. The whole work is a monument of many years' devoted study, it is illustrated throughout by an unusual range of reading and culture in other fields of literature, and it is accompanied by a most copious and valuable index of subjects and names. We regret to note that the dean in the *Envoi* takes his final leave of Dante and passes on to another field of labour, in which, however, we heartily wish him health and strength to bring his work to an equally successful issue. E. MOORE.

*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia*, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes before the discovery of Nineveh. By Sir Henry Layard. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE bilious politician who said he could never forgive Nineveh for discovering Sir Henry Layard may learn, by reading these volumes, that Sir Henry is a man who, without the aid of Nineveh, would have made himself known to the British public. The present work may be said to describe the base of the author's literary and adventurous career. There is some matter of importance with regard to the Karún, the only navigable river in Persia. Sir Henry Layard has now leisure and considerable influence with Lord Salisbury. He could not use it more advantageously than by pressing upon the Foreign Office the recommendations contained in these volumes as to

the improvement and the freedom of the navigation both of the Karún and of the great Turkish rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, with which the Karún is connected.

Sir Henry Layard's life has been influenced throughout by his boyhood in Italy; but his travels began in 1839, when he and Mr. Mitford, author of *A Land March to Ceylon*, proposed to journey together. Sir Henry Layard, it seems, was not born for such concurrence; and the first touch of the strong self-assertion which makes a great part of his character breaks out at p. 16, where he seems to complain of Mr. Mitford for not mentioning his name as that of his companion. The plan of travelling together broke down at Jerusalem, when Sir Henry started off to visit Petra and other sites in the Syrian desert, and to wander among the Bakhtiyari tribes in the Karún district of Persia. Before the author arrives—almost shoeless, and in a tattered Arab cloak, breaking through the quarantine at Damascus—he will have established with any impartial reader a character for all the best qualities of a successful adventurer—daring, brave, and cautious, with strength of arm and suppleness of speech, ready for any emergency, and at the same time a cool calculator as to the events of the morrow. Perhaps no one will enjoy so much as Sir Henry Layard does the point of contrast between this ragged and almost penniless entry and that of a later period when,

"as Queen's Ambassador to the Sultan, I entered Damascus in 1878 . . . through vast crowds of men and women of all creeds—Mohammedans, Christians, Jews, &c.—with their respective chiefs, who had come out to welcome me."

At Baghdad, the author assumed "the Persian dress," and soon observed the keen interest with which Persians regard the Turkish town of Kerbelah. This is, indeed, the Mecca of the Shiah Mohammedans, the burial-place of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. From thence the little traders carry to-day, as they did forty years ago, "circular bits of earth upon which devout Shiaks place their foreheads when prostrate in prayer." Nothing is more common in a Persian caravan than to see one of these circular bits of sacred clay passed round so that each in turn may pray, westward, with his forehead pressing upon it to the ground. Persian Khans, the author notes, have a way of interpreting the injunctions of Mohammed so as to admit of great indulgence in "swallowing glasses of fiery arak." Approaching Ispahan, the author "passed through the labyrinth of walls which enclose the gardens and melon beds, the Armenian quarter of Julfa." Now that the controversy on missionary work throughout Islam is going on, it may be well to explain that in Persia the work of the Missionary Society, though nominally directed against Mohammedanism, is practically confined to the Christians, the Armenians of Julfa. There is perhaps no nobler or bolder missionary of the English Church than Dr. Bruce, who has for nearly twenty years resided at Julfa; but no one would be more ready than he himself to acknowledge the utter impossibility of any direct mission in Persia against Islam, or that his own work has been mainly among his Armenian neighbours, of whom he has educated hundreds. Sir Henry Layard says,



with reference to forty years ago: "In those days" a Christian speaking against Islam "would have caused a public tumult, and might even have been torn to pieces." The danger to anyone who should speak against Mohammed in the bazaars of Ispahan is scarcely less to-day. Apostasy carries with it a sentence of death in Persia. Even in Constantinople, so late as 1843, an Armenian, who had embraced Islam and then returned to his former faith, was executed, and his head, "covered by a European hat," was exposed in Stamboul. Sir Stratford Canning protested, and the Sultan consented to abolish the death penalty in such cases, but refused to go further. "The law as regards Mohammedans who apostatised was inexorable, and, being prescribed by the Prophet himself in the Koran, the Sultan had no power to alter or modify it."

Persian punishments have a horrible reputation. Sir Henry Layard, writing of "one of the best administrators in the kingdom," says, "one of his modes of dealing with criminals was what he called 'planting vines.' A hole having been dug in the ground, men were thrust headlong into it and then covered with earth, their legs being allowed to protrude to represent what he facetiously called 'the vines.' . . . A tower still existed near Shiraz which he had built of three hundred living men belonging to a tribe which had rebelled against the Shah."

"The sticks" with which bastinado is inflicted are rarely out of sight or out of use. With regard to two servants of one Suleiman Khan, accused of stealing a gun, the author writes:

"The unfortunate men were first subjected to a cruel bastinado on the soles of their feet until they fainted. When they had been revived by buckets of water poured upon them, they were burnt in the most sensitive parts of their bodies with hot irons. They still maintained their innocence, and only admitted they were guilty when unable to resist the excruciating agony of having packing-needles forced under their finger nails."

These travels were undertaken more than forty years ago, but they relate the manners of a country less changeable, perhaps, than any empire of the world. Parts of the work are of immediate interest in regard to commercial prospects. Sir Henry Layard, in a note, points out that "As the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope ruined the trade of Basra (Bussorah), so the passage through the Isthmus of Suez promises to revive it." The free and open navigation of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Karún is for English trade a matter of high importance. It is probably a mistaken policy that her Majesty's consuls in that region are paid exclusively by the Indian Government. "The Karún," says Sir Henry Layard, "flows through one of the richest, though one of the most neglected, provinces of Persia. These rivers are destined to become great trading highways." It is no exaggeration to say that the trade of this country in Asiatic Turkey and Central Asia would soon be doubled, and more than doubled, if the views which Sir Henry Layard was one of the first to put forth were realised by the co-operation of the Sultan's and the Shah's governments, acting in concert with those Powers of Europe which may be supposed to have interests in the Persian Gulf.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

### THREE BOOKS ON IRISH HISTORY.

*The Story of Ireland.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Fisher Unwin.)

*A Short History of the Irish People down to the Date of the Plantation of Ulster.* By A. G. Richey. Edited by Romney Kane. (Longmans.)

*Ethne; being a Truthful Historie of the Great and Final Settlement of Ireland by Oliver Cromwell, and certain other Noteworthy Events, from the Records of Ethne O'Connor and of Roger Standfast, Captain in the Army of the Commons of England.* Edited by Mrs. E. M. Field. (Wells, Gardner & Co.)

TRULY to the making of Irish history books there at present appears to be no end. Miss Lawless's contribution to "The Story of the Nations" has certainly some advantage over its fellows, inasmuch as it is illustrated; but, for the rest, it is neither better nor worse than such of its contemporaries as owe their origin to the prevailing thirst for information on Irish matters, which it is to the interest of authors, publishers, and printers—devils alike to foster. The story of Ireland, told from the days when the country was one huge ice-field, and when icebergs played at nine-pins in Clew Bay, down to the latest phase of the Home Rule movement, and all within the compass of something less than four hundred octavo pages, is now an ordinary accomplishment, and no longer furnishes us with an argument in favour of the credibility of miracles. Unfortunately, however, these productions labour under several rather serious disadvantages, which may be trusted sooner or later to sweep them out of the field of current literature into the general limbo of waste-paper. Nor is the present one, I am afraid, likely to prove an exception to the rule. In design it is too ambitious, in execution it is loose, and in structure it is invertebrate. Its total effect on the mind of the reader, ignorant of Irish history, is to leave him in a fog. It may be all very true, all very instructive—likely, perhaps, to assist him at the next parliamentary election; but at the time, and without further light, it seems altogether unintelligible. He has no clue to its meaning. And the only consolation that comes to him is an assurance that there are no "guide posts" here—a fault inherent in Irish history. And so writer and reader together "scramble forward across these intermediate and comparatively eventless periods in order to reach what lies beyond." In this way the pages are rapidly turned over; and, it is only when we reach the eighteenth century, and Mr. Lecky holds out his hand across the quaking bog, that things become a little less intolerable. Now all this is eminently unsatisfactory, and not only unsatisfactory, but excessively annoying, considering the possibilities of doing so much better. What we want, and what we have a right to expect, is an intelligible retrospect of Irish history, and not a mere concatenation of events, or hodge-podge of facts. If it is impossible within the space at our disposal to give a complete history of Ireland, then let us recognise the fact. Let us content ourselves with its salient features, and of these give as rational an explanation as possible. Let us assume that by careful

study we may come to understand Irish history. If there are no naturally constructed guide posts, it is the very business of the historian to make them. This is his *raison d'être*. But worse even than the crudeness that marks this story is its carelessness. Independence of judgment is legitimate. The Hy-Nial race may have in early days been "a supine race," though it produced a Nial of the Nine hostages, and governed Ireland for several centuries; Edward III. may have been "the strongest and ablest of all the Angevin kings," though the school boy that ventured to say so would undoubtedly deserve as sound a flogging as he ever got for a false quantity; "clemency" may have been "the strong point" of Henry VII., but one instinctively remembers Empson and Dudley; Sir William Fitzwilliam may have been "a man of very inferior calibre to Perrot," though the statement is probably meaningless; Lord Deputy Falkland may have been "a man of moderation," though he was undoubtedly mixed up in that very nasty O'Byrne case in Wicklow; Sir Phelim O'Neill may have been nothing better than a "drunken ruffian," and have been "hanged with little regret even from his own side," though his conduct on the scaffold wanted little to make it heroic, and though his memory was long cherished in Ulster; the great rebellion of 1641 may have been "essentially an agrarian rising," though the confederates declared it to be also a religious war; the Catholic Emancipation Bill may have been won "without a shackling condition," notwithstanding the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. But surely there was no need to confound Oswin with Oswiu, and that three times; to miscall "glibbes" "gibbes," also three times; to misspell Rinuccini's name every time; to confound two quite distinct invasions; to attribute the death of Gerald, Earl of Desmond to English soldiers; and to credit the defence of Drogheda to Sir Arthur Ashton. These are all blunders of a sort that could and ought to have been avoided; and they are all the more deplorable because the book is not altogether worthless. Nothing, indeed, could be more to the point than the following criticism on the Statute of Kilkenny:

"Weakness, especially weakness in high places, is apt to fall back upon cruelty to supply false strength; and a government that found itself face to face with an entire country in arms, absolutely antagonistic to and defiant of its authority, may easily have felt itself driven by sheer despair into some such false and futile exhibition of power."

Then, also, the account of the passing of the Act of Union is, as a summary, perhaps as near the truth as we are likely to get. The moral of the whole seems to be that Irish history is not to be written to order, and that it is not particularly interesting because it is particularly inaccurate.

Few persons were so well qualified, both from predilection and training, to write the history of Ireland as was the late Prof. Richey. His study of the Brehon laws endowed him with an acuteness of perception that enabled him to thread his way with unerring instinct through the mazes of Irish history. More than this, it taught him to appreciate the feelings of the Irish natives, and at the same

time to do justice to those efforts of the English Government which, however mistaken in design, however fruitless in results, were for the most part born of a good intention and an honest desire to civilise Ireland. Nothing is truer, in his case, than that "the study of Irish history teaches us sympathy with all parties." Always keenly alive to anything that savours of injustice and tyranny, Prof. Richey is never unmindful of the fluctuating standard of political ethics. He is content to understand and explain, but unwilling to blame. He feels that "thoroughly to appreciate the history of Ireland, or of any other country, it is necessary to sympathise with all parties—to understand their prejudices, their difficulties, and their errors." It is this sympathy, as wise as it is generous, that makes his work so useful. Even when compelled to dissent from him, as new facts come to light to change and modify our knowledge, we can never afford to neglect him; for his work is not so much a history in the ordinary sense, as an *organon* or a clue wherewith to read history. And this is just what is wanted at the present time, when so many earnest students are being attracted to Irish history. Nor is its value limited to the view he takes of Irish history in itself.

"I protest," he said, "against the method adopted by Irish historians of shutting themselves out from all the events which occur beyond a narrow local horizon. They endeavour to learn the history of this country by devoting their attention to it alone, and ignoring the rest of the world."

For all these reasons then, we are glad to receive this fresh edition of Prof. Richey's lectures from the hand of his friend, Dr. Romney Kane, who has performed his duties as editor with admirable discretion; though, for myself, I cannot help wishing that he had found courage to exclude that mongrel word "cotemporary," which had as peculiar a fascination for Prof. Richey as it seems to have for Irishmen in general. When his last illness overtook him, Prof. Richey was engaged in writing a larger history of Ireland, but of this only the first chapter was finished at the time of his death. It now constitutes the second and third chapters of the present volume.

"What I have done," says the editor, "in preparing this work for the press has been this—I have put together the two series of lectures already published, the first Edinburgh lecture, and the fragment of the history, into one connected series, divided into chapters instead of into lectures."

These alterations and additions, together with Dr. Kane's own notes, have enhanced the value of the book. The Edinburgh lecture, on "The Physical Geography of Ireland," is deserving of close attention, especially at this time, when so many wild theories are afloat regarding the natural capacities of Ireland. I cannot quote as much of it as I should like, but the following extract will furnish food for serious reflection and, I hope, lead to a perusal of the entire chapter.

"For a pastoral people, Ireland was an enviable home. There were plains with rich herbage for their cattle; the woods were full of game, and the lakes abounded with wild fowl; timber was abundant, and iron, the prime necessity of life, was procured without difficulty. But the

physical conditions, which render a country suitable for such a population, are not those which, in the subsequent stages of civilisation, are most advantageous for its inhabitants. . . . The accumulation of capital being impossible so long as Ireland remained a pastoral country, the influence of realised wealth, by which the older forms of society are broken up and transformed, was wanting, and the ancient system of society was maintained long after it had ceased to exist in the western countries of Europe. The extensive introduction of agriculture, and the attempt to develop the resources of the country, are referable to the introduction of English and Scotch settlers at the commencement of the seventeenth century; but, so manifest are the advantages of the island for pastoral purposes, that agriculture has extended solely by pressure of population; and to the present day, if the self-interest of the owners of the land were alone consulted, the country would revert to its original condition."

Despite one or two defects, to be noticed directly, Mrs. Field's little historical romance is much more entitled to serious consideration than many more pretentious works on Irish history. Naturally, and not altogether unjustifiably, there appears to be a well-grounded antipathy against the historical novel; but, perhaps, it is quite possible to carry this distrust of the desecration of history to an absurd degree. Provided the historical romance be essentially true—true, that is, not merely as regards the general facts on which it is based, but also in its expression of the spirit of the times it illustrates—then surely it is a harmless, as well as a pleasant, way of learning history. Mrs. Field has been happy in selecting for her subject the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland. The incidents of that great drama are, if I may be allowed the expression, so intense as to take away almost the opportunity for exaggeration. Cromwell himself has come and gone; the back of the "great rebellion" has been broken; the army of the Commons of England has, in large measure, been disbanded; and officers, soldiers, and adventurers are preparing to settle down on the lands assigned to them by lot. One of them, Captain Roger Standfast-on-the-Rock, has taken possession of Lara Castle, the home and property, until confiscated by the English Parliament, of Gerald O'Connor. But it is not for me to tell again this charming story, which, breathing the spirit of the time, is in miniature the history of Ireland itself. For the case of Roger Standfast and Ethne O'Connor was no new one. Love, we know, transcends all limits, is terrified by no penalties, whether contained in statutes of Kilkenny or in ordinances of Cromwell. English army after English army has invaded and devastated Ireland; but, when at last the sword has been laid aside, love has crept in between conqueror and conquered, and undone the work of statesmen and armies. Reading this little story, we shall come to understand how Ireland yet remains Ireland. How, indeed, as Spenser himself said long ago, could it be otherwise, "seeing that commonly the child taketh most of his nature of the mother"? Two generations had hardly passed away, and the children of Cromwellian planters had ceased to speak the English language. Ethne, the Roman Catholic, lays aside her father's religion, and marries the Puritan captain; but, just as naturally, and more frequently,

did the Englishman adopt the creed of his Irish wife. As for the story itself, there is a freshness and naturalness about it as delightful as the Western breezes that ruffled sweet Ethne's hair—that hair, alas! that never would keep straight, as Roger liked to see it. Not a great novel, perhaps, but pleasant, profitable, and wholesome reading; full of sympathy for what is true and noble in English Puritan and Irish Catholic alike. One or two defects there are which seem to call for notice, though they are not likely to mar the enjoyment of most readers. Ethne O'Connor may be allowed to pass; but Gerald O'Connor is a combination of names, pardonable enough in an English writer, but one which must appear intensely absurd to an Irishman for obvious reasons. Lara Castle, too, has no definite situation, as we naturally expect it to have, being the home of an O'Connor, for reasons equally abstruse to Englishmen. Ethne's knowledge of Irish history often verges on the miraculous; but then it was hardly wise to make her the mouthpiece of Ben Jonson and Phineas Fletcher's tittle-tattle about Spenser's flight from Kileolman, notwithstanding the example of W. S. Lander to the contrary. Mrs. Field is not generally guilty of anachronisms; but it is sufficiently startling to find Lady Burke quoting Longfellow's well-known line,

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,"

even if that remarkable lady had happened to possess a copy of the *Sinnegedichte* of Friedrich von Logau!

R. DUNLOP.

"Great Writers" Series.—*Life of Oliver Goldsmith*. By Austin Dobson. (Walter Scott.)

GOLDSMITH's name always suggests two poignant regrets. One is that Dr. Johnson did not keep his promise and write his friend's life; and the other is that the friend himself forbore to paint Johnson for us in that wonderful gallery of portraits, the poem "Retaliation." There we find Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, done to the life, but no Johnson. It is hard to dissipate the gloom these thoughts occasion. But Goldsmith's ill-luck has not pursued him far in this matter of biographers. He must be pronounced well provided with the means of posthumous existence. His was a hard life to live, but it has been made easy to read, which is, surely, what an author would wish. The account of Goldsmith's life and writings prefixed to the first collected edition of his miscellaneous works, published in 1801 and several times reprinted, has always been attributed to the pen of Bishop Percy, and is, whoever wrote it, a delightful sketch. It is also well charged with matter, and, indeed, most things of real import about Goldsmith, to be found in his later biographies, will also be found there. Mitford, Prior, Washington Irving, Forster, Macaulay, and Mr. William Black, have all tried their practised pens on the life of Goldsmith. And now we have Mr. Dobson, and may be glad of him.

There is a kind of confusion about Goldsmith, created by the huge difference between the loveable smallness of his character, and the loveable greatness of his works—between



the incomparable awkwardness of his life, and the incomparable felicity of his language. When we think of the man, a hundred ludicrous incidents crowd upon the memory: misadventures, buffooneries, grimaces, and absurdities; practical jokes of which he was the victim, ignominious scuffles, and numberless splutterings of vanity. He brought nothing out of Ireland, as he tells us, but his brogue and his blunders. He was ugly to start with, and small-pox had early marked him for her own. He was as poor as a rat, a wandering beggar, a luckless usher, sleeping in the same bed with the French master, a doctor out at elbows. The Church early refused him. India rejected him. Surgeons' Hall examined him and found him wanting. He never knew what it was to be respected. But he was loved, and none knew better than poor Goldsmith the value of that. Writing to his brother of his sister Jenny, who had married unfortunately, he says, "My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny. Yet her husband loves her. If so, she cannot be unhappy." The ragged children of Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, loved the lodger at No. 12 and danced merrily to the music of his flute. That poor woman may well have loved him to whom one bitter night he resigned his blanket, taking refuge himself within the ticking of the mattress, which he slit open for the purpose. What sort of a night he spent inside the mattress is not known, but a morning visitor has recorded the fact that the kind-hearted doctor's efforts to get out were violent, undignified, and for a long while ineffectual. His life is, indeed, a long series of kindly follies and foolish kindnesses. His worse vice was gambling. Of course, he always lost. It is pleasant to know he was not a tippler. He was fond of boiled milk. He loved to array his ugly little person in fine garments. He died heavily indebted to his tailor and without any estate. The tailor said he knew Dr. Goldsmith would have paid him every farthing if he had lived; and so saying wrote off the whole sum of £79 as a bad debt. You may read all these things and more in Mr. Dobson's book. The "Anecdotes of Goldsmith" collected in the Aldine edition of his poems keep the reader on the titter for an hour together; and then just when he grows a little weary of all this tomfoolery and good nature, and is about to dismiss Goldsmith with something between a cheer and a groan, he remembers that this was the man whose felicity of execution was such that he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Deserted Village*. Then it is that the reader takes final refuge in the irreversible judgment of Johnson "Sir, let us not remember his infirmities. He was a very great man." As Hans Andersen says, "It does not matter being born in a duck-yard, if you have been laid in a swan's egg."

Mr. Dobson gives us both sides of Goldsmith; but, most becomingly, he never lets us forget that we are reading about a very great man. That interesting creature, De Quincey, starts the enquiry, Was Goldsmith a happy man? and, after his positive fashion, answers "Yes," and for two reasons: first, he had unfailing good spirits, or what he called the "knack of hoping"; and, secondly, he had

neither wife nor child, but only his own absurd self to feed and clothe.

"How easy," observes De Quincey in his striking way, "was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as Doctor Minor, when an hour or less would dismiss the Doctor Major, so invidiously contra-distinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy, whilst he, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness."

Mr. Dobson, however, does not concern himself with this inquiry, and, therefore, I must not pursue it.

The difficulty that has lately arisen about the sale of the *Vicar* to divers people who bought shares of it is treated with authority by Mr. Dobson; but the subject has still the obscurity which, perhaps, can only attach to a matter of business concerning which all the facts are not known. One thing, however, appears clear—that sixty guineas was the cash value of the *Vicar of Wakefield* at the date of publication.

Mr. Dobson brings out with admirable clearness Johnson's relations with Goldsmith. The troubles of *Ursa Major*, save so far as they were inherent in his own melancholy self, were over before *Ursa Minor* commenced author. Johnson had known troubles as many and as grievous as those of Goldsmith, but they have found no historian, for Boswell, it must always be remembered, wrote of Johnson triumphant, not of Johnson militant. He had lived on fourpence-halfpenny a day. He, who was afterwards to bear undisputed sway over a thousand dinner-tables, had dined behind a screen because he was too shabby to be seen, and had many a time owed his dinner to good Mrs. Gardiner, who kept a tallow-chandler's shop in Snow Hill, or to Jack Ellis, the money scrivener behind the Royal Exchange. The worst of it, however, was all over when Johnson sought out Goldsmith. From the very first he recognised in Goldsmith the owner of an exquisite style and of an extraordinary power of literary presentation. Long before Goldsmith had written any of the things on which his fame now rests, Johnson had hailed him one of the first of living authors; and though he was always ready to criticise Goldsmith's character and conversation, he would never hear anyone say a word in depreciation of his supreme excellence as a writer.

But Mr. Dobson's book has one fault, inherent in its constitution. It is too short. You may epitomise the histories of Rome and Greece—Goldsmith, indeed, has done so—but you cannot epitomise Goldsmith. He must be read at length and at leisure. All his letters should be printed and all the stories told. To see the biographer, as you fondly imagine, leading up to some excellent jest or moving incident, and then to turn the page and not to find it, is trying.

However, an age which orders even a nine-penny book from Mudie's, so that it may save itself the expense of buying a copy at the grocery stores, may deem itself lucky when a man like Mr. Dobson, who has the whole period at his fingers' ends, chooses to tell it, as much as can be told of Oliver Goldsmith, in a couple of hundred pages.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

*Lectures on the Book of Job.* Delivered in Westminster Abbey. By G. G. Bradley. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WHAT John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, sought to do for the New Testament, the present Dean of Westminster is doing for the Old by his expository lectures in the abbey. He has chosen that section of the older Scriptures which theologians term the Hagio-grapha, and friends of religion not less than those of literature will be thankful to him Dean Church has lately pointed out the abiding social and religious value of the Book of Psalms; Dean Bradley is, by his thorough and yet popular lecture-studies, bringing home to many the permanent human importance of Job and Ecclesiastes. Job has of course taken more hold of him than Ecclesiastes. Who, indeed, can touch Job without having "the thoughts of his heart revealed," if, at least, he has ever been arrested by the everlasting problems of life? Let no one neglect Dean Bradley's preface. We there learn a fresh debt which England owes to the Rugby of a past generation, for it was amid the engrossing duties of a Rugby master that the studies of which this volume is the ripened fruit began. To these old Rugby men the Bible was indeed the foundation of theology—was theology. And, if it be not too subtle, one may justify on this ground an otherwise unfortunate use of the term, when our author (Preface, p. xv.) offers his guidance to readers "of little leisure for independent study and unversed in theological literature"—unfortunate, I call it, because the tendency of Dean Bradley's work undoubtedly is to a literary and historical, and although deeply religious, yet absolutely untheological treatment of the Hebrew Scriptures. If he is a theologian, it is only in the sense in which Ewald is pronounced to be one by the author of a book largely inspired by him—the *Lectures on the Jewish Church*.

For the objects described in the preface it was not essential that the author should be a Hebraist. Considering the disparagement showered upon "mere Hebrew scholars" in this country, it is perhaps well for him that he does not approach the public as one of the guild. It was, however, indispensable that he should be a man of literary and even critical instincts, trained to thoroughness of study, and well acquainted with the moral and religious problems to which the author of the Book of Job was the first, or among the first, to give artistic expression. I cannot say too much in praise of Dean Bradley's style—so free from ostentation and yet so vivid, so unpedantic and yet so richly freighted with the distilled wisdom of generations of students. There are some books which can only be read with concentration; but this book, though it will reward a concentrated study, may also be dipped into standing by the fire. The side-lights which Stanley's successor throws upon the great poem are in themselves delightful. Turning over the pages one meets with illustrations which, if they cannot heighten the brilliance of the original, yet help considerably to make it sparkle for us. I need not dwell here on those from Butler, Ruskin, and Thucydides; there are others of more striking significance. Thus, it is a pleasing surprise to find a grateful mention accorded to the "wonderfully

powerful" sketches of the poet-painter, William Blake (p. 39). Most of the great painters have, in fact, neglected Job; but Dean Bradley reminds us that the "storied windows of stately churches" have not disdained the image of the great sufferer, and refers to a little-known series of windows in the Church of St. Patrice, at Rouen (p. 8). It is equally gratifying to find that no mistaken Christian zeal has prevented a recognition of the true affinity between the religion of Islam and the character of Job (pp. 40, 41); or the illustration of a grand oratorical flight of the Hebrew sage who personates the patriarch by an utterance of a not too orthodox student of nature, Tyndall (p. 236), not less than Kepler (p. 225), having caught one side of "divine philosophy." And, of course, it was impossible that one who wrote in the heart of the richest and poorest of cities, and in touch with men of all classes, should miss what the author of *Alton Locke* would have called the "democratic" tendency of the great poem. See, for instance, the sympathetic lecture on chap. xxiv., and the passage on Job's description of his present degradation (chap. xxx., 1-7), though it is fair to add, what a brilliant reviewer has overlooked, that some of the best modern parallels to the oppressed folk in Job had already been pointed out by a "mere Hebrew scholar," Heinrich Ewald (*History of Israel*, i. 227).

Of the exposition, I will only say that it is sympathetic and admirably expressed, and that it is based, happily, not on the Authorised, but on the Revised Version. The critical and historical aspects of the book are, no doubt, kept in the background; and even the ordinary reader will have to supplement this delightful book by other guidance. But lecture vii. is, from an educational point of view, excellent. How wisely this practised teacher postponed the subject of the import, age, and authorship of the book till he had accustomed his students somewhat to the unfamiliar atmosphere of the old-world poem! And when he does gird himself to the difficult task of correcting traditional prejudices, how gently and tenderly he touches them, as one who has himself felt their power! Nor does he profess to have settled everything for himself; indeed, he shows, if I may say so, a quite unnecessary hesitancy on the subject of Elihu. But I fully agree with Dean Bradley that the essential thing in the study of the Old Testament is to grasp its leading ideas (and facts). How much, how very much, is clear and intelligible; and how much more instructive to the ordinary reader is the study of Job and the Psalms as they stand than the study of the Pentateuch controversy! Great as are the issues involved in this controversy, it is not in the popular press that it ought to be discussed; and I thank Dean Bradley for calling the attention of all whom it concerns to the religious as well as poetic significance of the book of Job, which in its own day had a vast influence on Israel's choicest spirits, and has still, perhaps, an unexhausted educational value for our own time.

T. K. CHEYNE.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Major Lawrence.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

*Whitepatch: a Romance for Quiet People.* In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Castle Heather.* By Lady William Lennox. (Sonnenschein.)

*Una's Revenge.* By Melville Gray. (W. H. Allen.)

*The Haunted Harp.* By Somerville A. Gurney. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

*Dudley.* By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold & Sons.)

*Miss Curtis.* By Kate Gannett Wells. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

*Dominic Penterne.* By Godfrey Burchett. (Vizetelly.)

It was not an easy task to write a novel like *Major Lawrence*, *F.L.S.*, on the lines laid down by the author. On the one hand, the hero's devotion to science may seem exaggerated, and sufficient to deprive him of any title to admiration in the eyes of some readers; while, on the other hand, his apparent stifling of the human affections, and his frequent calls to India at critical moments, may serve to exasperate others. But, in our judgment, Miss Lawless has completely succeeded in drawing the character of Major Lawrence with such skill as to entitle him to sympathy in both aspects. As a scientist he has a profound reverence for knowledge, and as a man he is thoroughly human, with deep emotions at the base of a nature which might be thought shallow and erratic by superficial observers. His love for Elly Mordaunt, which grows with her growth from childhood upwards, is very effecting. With sleepless energy he watches her interests, and befriends her in her darkest periods of trial, when she has become the wife of a false, sneering, and selfish husband, who endeavours to crush all womanly tenderness out of her and her child. Little less touching is it to note the growth of an almost maternal and filial bond of affection between Lady Mordaunt and the major. This is one of those friendships which do honour to human nature. Backwards and forwards between England and the East the destiny of the gallant soldier tosses him; and with his stern adherence to duty is mingled a noble self-abnegation which makes his character shine forth all the brighter. The remaining persons in the narrative are likewise well drawn; and altogether there have been few stories published this season which may be read with such sincere pleasure, or studied with more profit. We have noticed several vagaries in spelling, such as "Jérôme" for the name of the French painter Gérôme.

The anonymous author of *Whitepatch*, whom we assume to be a lady, has wisely entitled her story "A Romance for Quiet People." It exactly fulfils this description; and, while it is in no sense inane, it is a healthy change from the ultra-sensationalism now so prevalent. The style is easy and flowing, and the work has an old-world flavour about it which is very delightful. *Whitepatch* is the name of an ancient manor in East Kent, not far from the sea. It has seen centuries of occupancy under one family; and the latest descendants of this family, to

whom we are introduced, are Colonel Dodingstead and his granddaughter Mary, the charming heroine of the novel, who has a very original maid, one Jenny Spillett. Two ghosts also play a conspicuous part in the narrative—one of a benignant, and the other of a dark and gloomy aspect. There is a love episode, which ends happily for the heroine after a long period of obstinacy on the part of the Colonel, whose ancestors have had a fierce feud with the ancestors of her lover. Forgiveness triumphs through affection. Jenny Spillett is, perhaps, more vigorously drawn than any other person in the story. Her sayings are very amusing. "I would never let any man think he was quite sure of me," she observes to Mary, "until I was actually stitched to his back by the parson." Again, with respect to the pride of blood, "Good blood is a delicate matter to deal with, I know, though it is from being too nice that it sometimes gets thin and poor; and I know a good name is often blown away as easily as a thistle." Delivering her views upon novelists, Jenny Spillett says of Sir Walter Scott, "There is a lot of go about him. He writes like a man, and a man that sees things big." After the death of a favourite dog, she declares that if she were the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury she would proclaim a funeral service for animals, for "many dogs have got more goodness in them than half the Christians going." Among the heroine's domestic pets is a very funny parrot. He is in the habit of calling out, with an absurd French accent, "God the King! Go to hell, ros-bif!" But he has also pleasanter modes of salutation. *Whitepatch* is agreeable reading, and, as a whole, certainly not without promise.

Lady William Lennox has written a pleasant little story in *Castle Heather*, and the interest is kept alive by the love affairs of two heroines, one of whom is consumed with jealousy of the other. A fortune-telling gipsy is introduced, and from her reading of the horoscope of the heroines we rather expected to see Cassandra's box of evils emptied upon their heads; but, after some troubles of a not very sanguinary kind, the author lets them down very gently. This sketch is better written than many books which are far more pretentious.

*Una's Revenge*—"a picture of real life in the nineteenth century"—relates how at school the said Una took upon herself the odium of a base action to shield a school-fellow. She bore the burden through much tribulation, her revenge being the forgiveness of her foe. The real offender, when lying upon her death-bed, made a clean breast of the whole affair; but one has not much sympathy with this kind of hell-fire-avoiding confession. Miss Gray, as the Americans would say, is "great things, you bet," on apposite poetical quotations.

There are only eighty-five very small pages in *The Haunted Harp*, but these are eighty-five too many. If anyone can read this story and not feel that the morbid psychological style of writing started by the late Hugh Conway is not being overdone, we can only commiserate his taste. The horrible details given in chaps. xi. and xii. are simply disgusting, and answer no useful purpose what-



soever; and we strongly protest against the human form being hacked about like butcher's meat at the shambles.

*Dudley* is above the average of one-volume stories, both as regards literary workmanship and the narrative itself. We shall not reveal the plot; but may say that the power of self-renunciation in woman is powerfully and painfully illustrated. The women characters are far superior to the men, and are much better drawn; from which we may infer the sex of the writer. By the way, we may remind "Mr. Curtis Yorke" that it was neither St. Augustine nor Solomon who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

There is something distinctly fresh and original in *Miss Curtis*. It is thoroughly American, and very quaint in its humour; while there is true pathos in the account of her own sad and ill-starred life given by the lady who furnishes the title to the story. Little Olive Cadwallader is one of the most amusing children, without being priggish, that we have met with for many a long day, and it is a real pleasure to trace her growth in womanliness and knowledge. The volume is full of clever things, and many of the sayings enshrine actual wisdom; while there is not a single conventional character in the book.

*Dominic Penterne* is a strange Cornish story, in which figure both madness and murder. The tragic conclusion is well led up to, and the sketch is not without ability, albeit it may be a little too sensational for some tastes.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

#### SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

*Introduction to a Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* By C. P. Lucas. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) It is pleasing to find a clerk in the Colonial Office following in the path trodden early in the century by Stephen and Taylor, and undertaking a serious contribution to our knowledge of the foreign dependencies of the Crown. For the present volume—which is indeed somewhat slight in substance and analytical in treatment—is announced as only introductory to an "historical geography" of the Colonies, to be completed in several parts. We may say at once that this "introduction" supplies a want that has been long felt. Borrowing its doctrines from Heeren, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Prof. Seeley, it summarises and arranges the facts relating to colonisation from the days of the Phœnicians and Greeks down to the latest English—we cannot add German—protectorate. The subject abounds in difficulties—far more than the unreflecting might suppose. The very meaning of "colony" is matter for dispute, especially in historical discussion. Though for practical purposes it may be sufficient to use the term as comprising all those foreign dependencies that are subject to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, it seems impossible to frame a definition that shall include Ceylon but not India, Labuan but not Sarawak—nay, even Canada but not the United States. Besides his admirable clearness, Mr. Lucas's great merit in our eyes is the rigorous impartiality with which he treats the efforts at colonial empires of other nations than our own, and indicates the causes of failure or success. But it is rather as a repertory of facts and principles, than as a philosophy of history, that this little book deserves to be consulted. The maps are too small in scale and too crowded with names to be of much use; nor are we quite prepared to accept—even on the authority of the Colonial

Office—that Grinnell Land (here is a chance for those with good atlases!) is a British colony. And why do Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, always write it "English" colony? Lastly, in view of a second edition, we would direct the author's attention to two manifest misprints of proper names on p. 69.

*Australasia: a Descriptive and Pictorial Account of the Australasian and New Zealand Colonies, Tasmania, and the adjoining Lands.* By W. Wilkins. (Blackie.) How is the term Australasia to be understood? Not, says Mr. Wilkins, in its literal sense of Southern Asia. He proceeds to draw an imaginary circle to include Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and New Guinea, together with such other groups not belonging to England as cannot be excluded from the circle. His arbitrary method of determining Australasia obliges him to include such islands as Flores, Sumba, Timor, and Timor Laut, which plainly belong to the Malayan groups. He designs his volume for use as a reading-book for advanced classes. To such, perhaps, it will be useful; but it has too much the manner and style of a school-book for the general reader. Mr. Wilkins gives a general and rather dry description of each of our Australasian colonies and their institutions, upon the whole accurate; but it might easily have been made more interesting. It is hardly necessary to state that full toleration of all forms of religion exists in Tasmania; and when we are repeatedly told of other colonies that there is no state church, we are inclined to ask, Who ever thought there was?

*Wild Life and Adventure in the Australian Bush. Four Years' Personal Experience.* By Arthur Nicols. (Bentley.) Mr. Nicols embodies his own experience in Queensland in the adventures of an imaginary person, Harold Bertram, the younger son of a Yorkshire squire, who at the age of twenty goes out to seek his fortune in Australia. Many writers have made us familiar with sheep and cattle runs, with mobs of ferocious bulls, buck-jumpers, dingoes, kangaroos, muderous blacks, &c.; still, if anyone wants a graphic description of station life, mixed with pleasant sketches of scenery and natural history, he cannot do better than send for Mr. Nicols's two lively volumes. The author's object in writing is to induce some of the sons of the mother-country to carry their education, intelligence, energy, and capital to Queensland, to lay the foundation of the new empire of the English-speaking race in the Southern Hemisphere; but they must be prepared for a more monotonous life than that depicted by Mr. Nicols, and must not expect to meet in the short space of a year with many of the thrilling adventures that befel Harold Bertram. Mr. Nicols does not try to smooth over any of the coarseness and squalor of bush life, and he gives us a little too much of the slang. We are amused to find it necessary to provide a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of an unexpected legacy of £4,000 from a distant relation, to enable the hero to succeed. We must conclude that, without capital, success in Queensland is not, in the author's opinion, very probable. Much may be done at home by an active, strong, hardworking and temperate young man with a fortune of £4,000.

*Our New Zealand Cousins.* By the Hon. James Inglis ("Maori"). (Sampson Low.) Mr. Inglis, the author of *Our Australian Cousins*, has republished in the present volume the letters he wrote for a Sydney newspaper from New Zealand in the spring of 1885. He makes the usual excuse for reproducing these fugitive pieces in book form. He yielded to the entreaties of friends, not unwillingly we imagine. We will not, however, find fault with them, or with him; and though his book certainly betrays its

origin, yet it gives an account of New Zealand both fresh and interesting. Twenty years had elapsed between the author's first and second visit to New Zealand—a long period in the life of the colony—and he must have expected to see great changes; nevertheless, the progress and advance of that interval astonished him, and he is constantly enlarging on the subject. New Zealanders have a staunch friend and admirer in Mr. Inglis. Everything they have done or are doing meets with his approval, with two exceptions: one, the wasteful method of farming too common, such as burning straw and cropping year after year with the same crop without manuring, leading inevitably to the exhaustion of the soil; and secondly, the reckless waste of timber—he found the settlers in the forest clearing their ground by simply burning, no use being made of magnificent trees or their products. Such wholesale destruction justly seemed grievous to him. If Mr. Inglis is constantly praising the New Zealanders and their works, it is at the expense of New South Wales. The people of Sydney must be a very long-suffering folk, if they are not a little nettled at being continually told how inferior they are to their New Zealand cousins. Even in the matter of slovenly farming they are no better. One feature in New Zealand which struck the author was

"the frequency of villages—the nearness of neighbours—in a word, settlement in communities, as contrasted with the isolated, detached way in which habitations are found set down, at wide, weary intervals, in most of the country districts of New South Wales. Indeed, village life, such as we know it in the old country, or as it is found in many parts of New Zealand, is scarcely known in our older colony. . . . But in New Zealand, especially in Otago, farms and fields were neatly fenced and divided. Village churches were numerous; common centres round which clustered the neat homes of village tradesmen and traders. Farmhouses were trim and neat, and adorned with gardens and orchards much more than is common in Australia. Waste places were fewer, roads were more numerous and better kept, and, in fact, rural settlement was more forward; and notwithstanding a widespread depression commercially, consequent on continued bad seasons and low prices for produce, the people looked healthy, happy, and contented, and I saw nothing to indicate any absence of the material comforts, and even the common luxuries of life."

Taken in; being a sketch of New Zealand Life. By "Hopeful." (W. H. Allen.) "Hopeful" is a lady who writes from Christ Church in New Zealand to a brother in Canada. It does not appear why she went to New Zealand; but whatever hopes she entertained in setting out were ruthlessly dispelled. Her expectations seem to have been unreasonable, and still more unreasonable are most of her complaints about New Zealand, or, at least, that very small portion of it which she saw. They amount, in substance, to little more than that New Zealand is not England over again. Christ Church is dull, the inns are not so good as at home, the shops are dearer; there are no old buildings, no cathedrals, castles or ruins; the birds are different from what they are in the old country; and there are no primroses, cowslips, or violets. Here our author is specially unreasonable, for even English gorse grown in New Zealand does not suit her. It is "gorgeous but not pleasing." This little book may serve as an antidote to some others of a different character, which cry up the colony at the expense of the mother country, and which we have always read with some suspicion. Doubtless there is truth in what "Hopeful" says; and her lists of prices, and advice as to who should or should not emigrate, will be useful.

*History of the Boers in South Africa; or, The Wanderings and Wars of the Emigrant Farmers,*

from their leaving the Cape Colony to the Acknowledgment of their Independence by Great Britain. By George McCall Theal. (Sonnenschein.) We cannot agree with Mr. Theal that there was any want of a detailed history of the Boers, still less of the first half of it, if we may so call the period up to the first acknowledgment of their independence in 1854. It is difficult to understand why he should have confined himself to this earlier history, when the latter portion, with the Zulu war, the annexation of the Transvaal, the revolt of the Boers of the Transvaal, the war which followed, the brilliant and crowning victory of Majuba Hill, and the final acknowledgment of their independence is so much more striking and picturesque. Mr. Theal's work is more of a chronicle than a history; events are detailed in order and at great length, so that he fills near 400 pages. How many volumes would he have required if he had carried down his chronicle on the same scale to the present time? The author has consulted every possible authority on his subject, and has spared no pains to make his narrative accurate. We must also do him the justice to say that he fully bears out the determination he expresses in his preface, to be strictly impartial. He gives all parties their due; and it is easy to gather that the prime motive which urged on the Boers in their migrations was their desire to treat the natives in their own way, and not according to English notions and sentiments.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Rev. W. Denton, whose death was announced last week, had been engaged for some years upon a history of England in the fifteenth century. A portion of this work, complete in itself, and dealing with the social condition of the country shortly before the Reformation, had been finished, and will be published in the course of a few weeks by Messrs. Bell.

THE letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, with an introduction and notes by Edward Abbott Perry, will shortly be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. These letters were written by Dorothy Osborne in 1652-54, during her long and romantic engagement with Sir William Temple. They not only tell a very interesting old-world love-story, but also give a complete and accurate picture of certain phases of social life of the seventeenth century. It was of these letters—some few of which were published in an appendix to Courtney's *Life of Temple*—that Macaulay said "He would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state papers taken at random."

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. also announce *The Silver Wedding*, in commemoration of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, giving a short account of the lives of the Prince and Princess, with illustrations of the chief historical events in which they have taken prominent part during the last twenty-five years; a cheap edition of Baron Maudat de Grancy's *Cowboys and Colonels*; new editions of *The Imitation of Christ* and the *Christian Year*, handsomely printed, in crown octavo, on good paper; *Uncle Charlie's Babies' First Book*, uniform with the *Babies' Museum*; and *Games for Boys and Girls*. Also the following monthly volumes of the "Ancient and Modern Library": *Law's Serious Call to a Devout Holy Life*; *Platina's Lives of the Popes to the Accession of Gregory VII.*; *Giles Fletcher's Victory of Christ*; and the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI.

THE *Library of American Literature*, from

the *Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*, on which Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson have been at work for several years, is to be published by subscription by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., of New York. Each of the ten octavo volumes will contain over 500 pages; and among the 150 full-page portraits (fifteen in each volume) will be many noticeable for their intrinsic value or great scarcity. The arrangement of volumes is as follows: vol. i., "Early Colonial Literature," 1607-75; ii., "Later Colonial Literature," 1676-1764; iii., "Literature of the Revolution," 1765-77; iv., "Literature of the Republic—Constitutional Period," 1788-1820; v., "Literature of the Republic," 1821-34; vi.; vii., viii., "Literature of the Republic," 1835-60; ix., x., "Literature of the Republic," 1861-87 (representing the writers that have arisen since the beginning of the Civil War). Six of the ten volumes are now ready.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT, successor to Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell, will publish immediately Mr. James Stanley Little's new book, *Whose Wife shall she be?*

TWO new one-volume novels are announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication: *In Love and Honor: a Story of Scotch Country Life*; and *On Hauleys*; or, *Wheels within Wheels*, by Mrs. Caumont.

*More than he Bargained For*, a tale of life in Madras, by J. R. Hutchinson, will be issued next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will contain a number of opinions on the subject of Scottish University Reform, by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews, and other authorities; and an article on "Scotland in Early Times," by the Lyon King at Arms.

THE second number of the *Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence*, to be published in the course of the present Hilary term, will contain the following articles: "The Court of Chancery," "The Want of an Appeal from the County Courts," "The Law Lectures at Gresham College," "The Amalgamation of the two Branches of the Profession, from an Irish Point of View," and "The Withdrawal of Calendars and Indices from the Record Office."

"CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN" is the title of a paper by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, in the January number of the *Central Literary Magazine* (Birmingham: Cornish), chiefly dealing with the revolution effected by Darwinism in all departments of human knowledge, and with its bearing on the progress of religious ideas.

THE Autotype Company has now executed in its very best manner the facsimile of the document with the signatures of John Harvard and his brother, of which details were given in the ACADEMY of December 10. Those persons who may desire to purchase copies of the facsimile are requested to communicate at once with Messrs. Pawsey & Hayes, booksellers, Ipswich.

MR. GEORGE J. ROMANES will, on Tuesday next (January 17), begin a course of ten lectures at the Royal Institution, entitled "Before and after Darwin"; Mr. Hubert Herkomer will, on Thursday (January 19), begin a course of three lectures—(1) "The Walker School," (2) "My Visits to America," and (3) "Art Education"; and Lord Rayleigh will, on Saturday (January 21), begin a course of seven lectures on "Experimental Optics." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 20, when Lord Rayleigh will give a discourse on "Diffraction of Sound."

#### A TRANSLATION.

AN ANONYMOUS MODERN GREEK SONG.

Πάντα νά 'μεθα μαζί,  
Τὴ μεγάλη εὐτυχία!  
Τὴ μικρὸς ὁ χωρισμὸς,  
Τὴ μεγάλη δυστυχία!  
μακρὰν πὸ σέ, ψυχῇ,  
τὴ τὴν θέλω; τὴ τὴν θέλω τὴν ζωή;  
  
Δακτυλὶδ' ἀπὸ μαλλιά  
μόν' ἀνάμνησις μοῦ μένει.  
"Ἄλλο δὲν παρηγορεῖ,  
Αὐτὸ μένει καὶ μαρναίει . . .  
Μακρὰν ἀπὸ σέ, ψυχῇ,  
τὴ τὴν θέλω; δὲν τὴν θέλω τὴν ζωή!

COULD you ever near me be  
What a blissful life of gladness!  
But to part so tries the heart,  
Fills it with such utter sadness!  
Yet, love, when far from thee,  
Why is life, ah! why is life still dear to me?  
  
Just a ring of braided hair  
Is the only gift remaining.  
Nothing else can comfort me—  
Lustre-less yet love-retaining . . .  
And yet so far from thee  
Why live longer? Life no more is dear to me!

GEORGE GORDON HAKE.

#### OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN ANDREWS DALE, M.A. of Balliol College, who died at Oxford on Thursday, January 5, at the age of 71, was a man of great and varied learning, although, in consequence of his retiring habits, he was but little known outside the circle of his immediate friends.

Mr. Dale was several times examiner in the mathematical and natural science schools, and was a student of physics when such branches of knowledge were but little studied in the universities. Besides the learning necessary for these public functions which he occasionally discharged at Oxford, he was an excellent philologist of the old school, acquainted with many languages—Arabic and Turkish among the number—and an enthusiastic student of Anglo-Saxon. Moreover, he had a wide knowledge of both ancient and modern history.

He had planned many works, and in two had made some progress—one dealing with the manner of computing time among various nations, the other on the derivations of English place-names. We can only regret that a man of such solid attainments should not have obtained any of the more valuable pieces of preferment in the gift of the university.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE January number of the *New Princeton Review*—published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton—opens with an article by Prof. Rhys, entitled "Race Theories and European Politics," which we commend to all those who have taken interest in the recent discussion on the primitive home of the Aryans. Prof. Rhys here summarises with admirable clearness the Teuto-Scandinavian theory of Penka, shows its relation with the general questions of ethnology and philology, and suggests certain practical conclusions connected with modern politics. Other articles in the number are also worth reading, especially Mark Twain's reply to Mr. Brander Matthews upon the piracy of English publishers.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for January contains an interesting notice of Hugo Sommers' "Individualismus oder Evolutionismus?" by P. R. Hugenholtz; an essay on the narratives of the Resurrection, by J. G. Bockenoogen; and—which should attract many readers—a survey, by Kuenen, of the most recent phases of the



criticism of the Hexateuch. The writer remarks that

"Dillmann places us before a mere literary problem, and, although he cannot conceal the fact that the questions treated are of deeply concerned with the history of Israel and of its religion, yet he makes no effort at all to bring out its historical significance, to shed the light of history on the questions. The most singular point is that he takes credit to himself for this."

Progress, thinks Kuenen, is impossible on this road. W. C. van Manen reviews Lipsius' "Die apocryphen Apostelgeschichten"; and Kuenen notices very favourably vol. i. of Dr. Swete's edition of the Septuagint, and Dr. Wickes' "Treatise on the Accentuation of the Prose Books."

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

ANALECTA hymnica mediæ ævæ. II. Hymnarius Moissiacensis. Hrsq. v. G. M. Dreves. Leipzig: Fues, 5 M.  
GÖTTHE-JAHREBUCH. Hrsq. v. L. Geiger. 8. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 10 M.

#### HISTORY, ETC.

CHALYBARUS, R. Geschichte Ditmarschens bis zur Eroberung d. Landes im J. 1559. Kiel: Lipsius. 5 M.  
CODEX traditionum Westfalicarum. 3. Bd. Münster: Theissing. 8 M.  
MONUMENTA Germaniæ historica. Auctorum antiquissimorum tom. 8. Sidonii epistolæ et carmina. Rec. et emendavit Ch. Luetjohann. 16 M. Epistolarum tom. 1 pars 1. Gregorii I. Papæ registorum epistolarum. Tom. 1 pars 1. Liber I-IV. Ed. P. Ewald. 9 M. Berlin: Weidmann.  
SCHULTZE, E. De legione Romanorum XIII. gemina. Kiel: Lipsius. 3 M.

#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

KITTL, E. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der fossilen Säugethiere v. Maragha in Persien. I. Carnivoren. Wien: Holder. 7 M.

#### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

MILLER, K. Die Weltkarte d. Castorius genannt die Peutingersche Tafel. Ravensburg: Dora. 6 M.  
STRASSMAYER, J. N. Babylonische Texte. Inschriften v. Nabonidus, König v. Babylon (555-539 v. Ca.), v. den Thontafeln d. brit. Museum's copirt u. autographirt. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 12 M.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENGLISH GAWAIN-POET AND "THE WARS OF ALEXANDER."

London: Jan. 7, 1888.

I do not know whether anyone has hitherto called attention to certain significant coincidences in diction between the Middle-English "Wars of Alexander" and the works of the Gawain-poet (viz., "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," and the three alliterative poems called by Dr. Morris "The Pearl," "Cleanness," and "Patience"). As, however, Prof. Skeat, in the preface to his admirable edition of the "Wars of Alexander," gives no hint of any remarkable affinity between this poem and those just mentioned, and as the most striking of the coincidences referred to has obviously escaped his notice, it may be assumed that the facts are at any rate not so well known that it is needless to call attention to them.

In the "Wars of Alexander," l. 1154, the reading of the Ashmole MS. is—

"Pe pure populande hurle . passis it umbi."

In his note to the passage, the editor says that "Hurle" is shown by the alliteration to be an error for *purle* or *perle* (as in Dublin MS.). He has apparently overlooked the fact that the poem called "Patience" has the same peculiar phrase, and in the form which he condemns as incorrect. In l. 319 the poet makes the prophet Jonah say:

"Pe pure poplande hourle playes on my heed."

The law of the alliterative verse does not require us to adopt the reading of the Dublin MS., as three stave-times are a sufficient number for a line. There are often four, but this is not at all imperative. The line immediately preceding that

quoted from the "Alexander" contains a non-alliterating substantive as the last word of the first hemistich:

"Pe Wawis of þe Wild see . apon þe wallis betis."

I therefore believe that *hurle* is the true reading, and that the *perle* of the Dublin MS. is a corruption due to the wish to complete the alliteration.

The fact that so singular a phrase occurs both in the "Wars of Alexander" and in the writings of the Gawain-poet is certainly noteworthy. So far as I know, neither the exact expression, nor anything very like it, is found elsewhere in Middle-English poetry, so that it does not seem to be a mere epic formula. If it does not imply unity of authorship, it must be due to imitation on one side or the other, or else to copying on the part of both writers from a common original. Which of these hypotheses is to be preferred is a question that requires an extended comparison of the vocabulary of the "Wars of Alexander" with that of the Gawain-poet.

In order to establish the existence of any specially close relation between the author of the "Wars of Alexander," and the author of "Gawain" it is not sufficient to adduce, as could easily be done, a long list of words common to both. This would prove merely, what is already well known, that they belong to the same poetic school. Dr. Morris's glossaries to the writings of the Gawain-poet cite many parallels from the "Wars of Alexander," and Prof. Skeat's glossary to the latter cites many parallels from the former. What I wish more particularly to insist upon is that in a considerable number of cases the words that are common to the two authors are found nowhere else, or at least very rarely elsewhere, in Middle-English literature. The following examples are the result of a very hasty comparison of Prof. Skeat's glossary to the "Wars of Alexander" (WA.) and Dr. Morris's glossaries to the writings of the Gawain-poet (GP.). The word *ossen*, to show, and its derivative, *ossing*, are found four times in WA., and once in GP.; and nowhere else. *Ethen* (a derivative of *oath*) to conjure, occurs once in WA., twice in GP., and, as Prof. Skeat says in his note, not in any other instance. *Runisch, renisch* (explained variously as "strange," "furious"), and its adverb *runischly, renischly*, are found six times in GP. and three times in WA.; Stratmann gives no examples except those from GP. *Rakente, chain*, is found once in GP. and twice in WA.; other writers use only the compound *rakenteze, rakenteie*. The word *tulk, tolk*, in the sense "man, knight," is found seventeen times in WA., nine times in GP. The glossary to the "Troy-book"—a work which Dr. Morris was once disposed to assign (erroneously, as I believe) to the Gawain-poet—gives one reference to the word. I do not know of any other example. The verb *sulpen*, to defile, occurs five times in GP. (its compound *bysulpen* once), and once (spelt *solp*) in WA.; apparently not elsewhere. *Honischen*, to dishonour (cf. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*), occurs once in GP., twice in WA.; Mätzner quotes only the former. *Founce, founs*, bottom (a word not given in Stratmann), occurs twice in GP., and once in WA. *Asperly, fiercely*, which is elsewhere somewhat rare, is found six times in WA., and once in GP. *Freke*, "man, knight," though not particularly rare in Middle-English poetry, deserves notice for its frequent occurrence both in GP. and in WA.; in the former it occurs eleven times, in the latter four times.

I could give many more instances of this kind, but probably it has been sufficiently proved that there exists a very intimate relation between the vocabulary of the author of the "Wars of Alexander" and that of the author of "Gawain." In general tone and style, also, it appears to me that the two writers—if, indeed, they be not one—are closely akin. The resemblance between them is far greater than that which exists between either

of them and any of the other works belonging to the same school—the "Morte Arthure" or the "Troy-book," for example; and it must be remembered that this resemblance is obscured by the fact that our present copies of them probably differ widely in date, and certainly in dialect. I have no time for the careful investigation which alone could entitle one to speak with confidence as to the precise interpretation to be given to the facts I have pointed out; but at present I strongly incline to the conjecture that the "Wars of Alexander," the "Gawain," and the three religious poems are ultimately (i.e. in their original form) of the same authorship.

Before closing this letter I may mention a small mistake which has met my eye in turning over the excellent glossary to the "Wars of Alexander." The word *tymbre*, crest of the helmet, is explained as "lit. timber, the crests being originally of wood." The word is the French *timbre*, from Latin *tympanum*, used in the same sense. The Teutonic word *timber* means building material, and a Middle-English writer would no more have spoken of a "timber" helmet-crest than of a "timber leg."

HENRY BRADLEY.

#### "WASA" AND "CERN."

London: Jan. 10, 1888.

Mr. Stevenson's criticism on my identification of Wasa=River Isis appears to me to be a good example of the mistake of working backwards from current forms of place-names, and arguing that they must appear in such and such a shape at a given date. The only proper method, as I maintain, is to start with the old name and work downwards to the current form. Ancient place-names in England (and, for the matter of that, everywhere), unhappily, can not be brought under any hard-and-fast rules of etymology, for there is an important series of factors which also enter into the equation—viz., dialecticism, phoneticism, ellipsis, and so forth. If it were worth while, one could easily draw up a list of modern place-names, the identity of which with ancient names of unexpectedly dissimilar appearance is undisputed. This very Fyfield="Fif-hida" (five hydes) is a capital specimen.

As for the original meaning of "Wasa," probably Mr. Stevenson is right in referring it to *ooze*. I do not challenge it, as it does not concern the suggestion I make—that "Wasa" is "Isis." Anyone who looks at the O.S. map of Berkshire will perceive that Fyfield lies directly south of the Isis and directly north of the Ock, each river running eastward. Now the boundaries of this land start at Ydel's island, then reach the River Ock, and eventually pass "along the hollow brook into Wasa" (not "the Wase"—there is no article, nor is it customary to use articles when rivers are mentioned in boundaries), and so "along Wasa to Ydel's island again." Let it be observed that whatever "Wasa" may be—ooze or river—there is a hollow brook running into it, and an island in it. Now the Rivers Isis and Ock are the only two important watercourses which help to make up the Fyfield boundaries; and we should expect naturally, indeed imperatively, to find the Isis appearing in some form or other in a detailed account of these boundaries. Instead of "Isis" we find "Wasa" under conditions which preclude any other deduction than that they are identical. Possibly in Isis=Wasa=ooze, we see the real meaning of the river's name—a sluggish, oozy, not swift, but gently flowing river. May not the result stand thus:

Wasa=[w]ooze=[w]isis.

I desire here to remind your readers of the important fact that *Wasa, Wase, or Wese* occurs, so far as I know, only in the boundaries of Cumnor (Chr. Abingd. i. 268); Fifield (i. 233, 324); Earnundeslei=Appleton (i. 101, 260);

and Buckland (i. 243, 244). All these four sites lie along the sloping south bank of the Isis, in Berkshire, and their extreme distance by water is upwards of ten miles. Can Mr. Stevenson produce any evidence of a ten-mile-long fen, ooze, or stagnant pool boundary of these four parishes; or, in fact, any kind of water or land boundary common to them other than Isis herself? Notwithstanding that Wasa may= ooze (cf. also *Wasser*, German—water; *vase*, Fr., and *vasa*, Portug.—ooze or mud), it is not impossible that it is after all a river-god's name; for Wasinga-tune and Wassen-ham, sites occurring in the same chronicle, may be outlying colonies, whose settlers looked to Wasa as their tutelary genius.

So far, therefore, from accepting Mr. Stevenson's *ex cathedra* dictum, that by the Abingdon History I might have discovered that my "identification is altogether wrong," I submit, with all deference to him, that the History confirms my position. I never said that "Wase and Thames were two names for the same river," but I maintain that "Wasa" is the early and the only "early form of the name 'Isis.'" Where Wasa ends Thames begins.

I am happy to inform readers of the ACADEMY that one branch of the River Ock was named "Cern" (see *Chr. Abingd.* i. 250, 251). In a charter of Eadwig, A.D. 958, of land "æt Cern" to Kenric, the boundaries use "Cern" as a river—as well as a place-name. Stevenson call this place Cerne in Dorsetshire! There is no evidence connecting Cerne in Dorset, with Abingdon; but, I believe, it is Charney-Bassett, near Faringdon, on the River Ock, in Berks, and near West and East Hanney, which locality is mentioned in the boundaries (*l.c.*) as Aniges, and Haniges ham. If this derivation be conceded, a gleam of light is thrown upon the signification of the names of the neighbouring Cherbury Camp and Charlock Farm. In Walker's map, and others, Charney-Bassett is a veritable island—Charn-ey, on the Ock. Here one is tempted to show how purely generic this word "Cern" is, for a river, cf. Cerne-abbas, on the River Cerne, in Dorset; and North and South Cerney, near Cirencester, on the River Churn, anciently Corin, perhaps connected with to *churn*—i.e., to froth and agitate. But he who will edit for us a list of river- and stream-names to be supplied by county antiquaries will confer untold benefits on students of the early history of England, and supply a want shamefully neglected by all dictionary makers, who are blind to the fact that the names of persons and places and rivers belong vitally to a language. No dictionary that ignores this fact can be considered completely representative.

WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

#### THE REGULATIONS OF THE RECORD OFFICE.

Wimbledon: Jan. 6, 1888.

I perceive that in the ACADEMY of December 17 credit is deservedly given to Mr. Maxwell Lyte for having relaxed a rule formerly in force at the Record Office, whereby the number of documents supplied to a reader at one time was restricted to three. But, if the Master of the Rolls and the Deputy Keeper really wish to attract students to the Record Office, would they not do well to rescind the edict of rather recent date prohibiting the use of ink there? Readers are now restricted to the use of pencil, which soon becomes obliterated. Everything has to be copied out in ink at home, and the labour either of copying or of taking notes at the Record Office has been doubled, and more than doubled. That will not tend to encourage study there.

J. H. RAMSAY.

[It seems evident that the use of ink at such a place as the Record Office might furnish the means for serious injury to the original docu-

ments consulted—not only through accident or mere mischief, but even from deliberate intention to obliterate.—ED. ACADEMY.]

"MORT," "AMORT."

Pisa: Jan. 4, 1888.

Having noticed in the ACADEMY of December 31 a letter by J. Gonino on the words "smort" and "smorta," I beg to refer the writer to the following verses in Dante:

"Incomincio' il poeta tutto smorto."

*Inferno*, canto iv.

"Quant' io vidi due ombre smorte e nude."

*Inferno*, canto xxx.

"L'anime che si fur di me accorte

Per lo spirar, ch' io era ancor vivo

Maravigliando diventaro smorte."

*Purgatorio*, canto ii.

Bembo, in his *Intorno alla volgar Lingua*, says "Molto diverso sentimento hanno—e ce—smorto e smorta la quel voce da smorire si forma."

In all these instances the word "smorto" is used in the sense of "pale." A. B.

#### ALPHABETICAL POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Ancient Eastern Empire," by the Rev. W. Benham.

5 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Foot and Leg," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," V., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Aborigines of Australia, their Ethnic Position and Relation," by Dr. Frazer.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Exploration of the Rio Doce, Brazil," by Mr. W. J. Stearns.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution:

"Before and after Darwin," by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

7.30 p.m. Statistical: "Progress, Organisation, and Aims of Working-Class Co-operators," by Mr. B. Jones.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Colonies and Dependencies of the Netherlands," by Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Use and Testing of Open-hearth Steel for Boiler-making," by the late Mr. Hamilton Goodall.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Collection of Mammals obtained by Emin Pasha in Central Africa, and presented by him to the Natural History Museum," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "The Lepidoptera received from Dr. Emin Pasha," by Mr. Arthur G. Butler; "The Shells of the Albert Nyanza, Central Africa, obtained by Dr. Emin Pasha," by Mr. Edgar A. Smith; "Some New Lepidoptera from Kilima-njaro," by Mr. A. G. Butler.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 5 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Knee and Thigh," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Methods of taking the Ballot," by Messrs. John Leighton, James Withers, and John Ingray.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Walker School," by Prof. H. Herkomer.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music, VI., Cultivation," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," VI., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Influence of Light on Protoplasmic Movement," by Mr. Spencer Moore; "Studies of the Machrochires (Humming Birds and Allies)," by Dr. K. W. Schufeldt; "New British Plants," by Mr. W. H. Beeby.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Morindon," by Mr. T. E. Thorpe and Mr. W. T. Smith; "Manganese Trioxide," by Mr. T. E. Thorpe and Mr. F. G. Hambley; "The Theory of the Vitriol Chamber Process," by Prof. Lunge; "Coal Distillation," by Mr. Lewis T. Wright.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "The Despatches of Prince Henry of Monmouth during the War in Wales (1495-6) and the Treaty of Surrender by the Welsh Chieftains," by Mr. F. Solly Flood.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 5 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Philological: A Dictionary Evening, by Dr. J. A. H. Murray.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Diffraction of Sound," by Lord Rayleigh.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," I., by Lord Rayleigh.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Mammoth and the Flood*: an Attempt to confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of Recent Geology. By Henry H. Howorth. (Sampson Low.)

MOST geologists know that Mr. Howorth has been considerably exercised of late years about the history of the mammoth, especially as to the precise way in which its disappearance from the living world was effected. In the volume under review he has collected a remarkable mass of information on this subject—partly scientific and partly legendary, some of it extremely curious, and for the most part pleasant enough reading. At the outset he connects the word "mammoth" with "Behemoth"; and, having settled this bit of etymology, he brings together—in some cases from most out-of-the-way sources—scraps of lore about griffons, and dragons, and giant's bones. After this preliminary skirmish, he falls to the attack of his subject in earnest.

It was Cuvier who first showed, in 1796, that the mammoth was an extinct species of elephant. For this species he subsequently suggested the name of *Elephas mammonteus*—a name which he abandoned, however, in favour of Blumenbach's term, *E. primigenius*, by which the creature is still known to every naturalist. If the mammoth were an object of purely scientific interest, we should probably know much less about it than we do; for, though its remains are widely scattered over parts of Europe, yet the great repositories of its bones are situated in the inhospitable tundras of Northern Siberia, which few scientific investigators could visit—or would care to visit if they could. Fortunately, the tusks and teeth of the quaint beast possess considerable economic value. From the tenth century, if not earlier, this fossil ivory has been an object of eager quest, and it is still collected and utilised in larger quantities than most people imagine.

It is not, however, simply the bare bones of these primeval elephants that are heaped together in the arctic charnel-houses. Thanks to the antiseptic properties of the ice in which they are entombed, the very carcasses have been in some cases fairly preserved; and if our museums of natural history contain no mummies of the mammoth, they at least possess, among their most valued treasures, samples of its hide and hair. How these carcasses have been discovered, and set free from their frozen tombs, forms one of the most interesting stories in Mr. Howorth's volume. Nor is it scarcely less interesting to follow his narrative of the discoveries of mammoth bones in localities more familiar than the remote regions of Siberia. For the relics of the old shaggy-haired and curved-tusked elephant are found, in greater or less abundance, over a large part of Eastern and Central Europe—not, it is true, in frozen ground, as in the Siberian wilds, but scattered through the ancient river-gravels or buried in osiferous caverns, associated with the relics of other pleistocene mammals and of palaeolithic man.

The great problem which Mr. Howorth sets himself to solve is how the mammoth and many of its contemporaries became extinct. There is no blinking the fact that the extinction does present some serious difficul-



ties; but few geologists will be disposed to get over these difficulties by means of the bridge which our author has constructed. Mr. Howorth believes—and the prime object of the volume is to support this belief—that the phenomena can only be explained by invoking a sudden cataclysm whereby a great rush of waters swept far and wide over Northern latitudes, accompanied throughout Northern Siberia by an abrupt and permanent reduction of temperature. The arguments by which he supports his views are unquestionably ingenious and worthy of thorough discussion; yet, after all, they are not unlike certain views which were current in geological circles long ago, and which, after patient consideration for years, were abandoned as untenable.

Whatever may have been the state of opinion in the past, most geologists, in these latter days, recoil from the invocation of a cataclysm in order to explain phenomena which, though perplexing, seem capable of more or less satisfactory elucidation on less abnormal principles. Mr. Howorth's reversion to the teachings of the old catastrophic schools may, perhaps, be partly explained by the fact that he passed much of his early life in Lisbon, in what he calls "the very focus and kernel of the famous cataclysm." But how much greater than the Lisbon catastrophe must have been the gigantic disturbance which he requires for his present purpose! He is well aware that the interpretation which he favours is directly opposed to the arch-principle of modern geology, or what he calls "the superstition of uniformity"; but he thinks that the pendulum of scientific opinion, after having executed an excursion of great amplitude in the direction of uniformity, shows signs of swinging back to its former position. We do not deny that such a tendency may be detected; but we believe that it is much slighter than Mr. Howorth seems to think. At any rate, it will not be easy to get geologists to admit, with our author, that "for many years past geological reasoning has been vitiated by being tied to metaphysical premises"; that Lyell's view of uniformitarianism, though perhaps a trifle overstrained now and then, is a "grotesque exaggeration," and "has very greatly impeded the development of the science." Nor are geologists, as a body, either so dishonest, or so dull-witted, as to "first formulate a law, and then to bring the facts within it." Geologists, like most other people, no doubt, need to review their opinions from time to time, and should be grateful to anyone who honestly spurs them to the work, however unpleasant it may be; but we feel satisfied that no amount of revision will disclose such radical error in their philosophy as Mr. Howorth believes he can detect.

Having satisfied himself that the period during which the mammoth lived was suddenly brought to a close, in many latitudes, by a cataclysm of appalling magnitude, our author proceeds to identify this catastrophe with the great flood of human tradition. On this subject, he very justly observes that it is most irrational "to refuse credence to a story because it is contained in the Bible." But while cordially agreeing with this axiom, we trust that the

general body of geologists are not guilty of such unreasonableness. To believe, however, in a wide-spread deluge is one thing; to believe that such a deluge caused the extinction of the mammoth is quite another matter. Biblical students, not less than men of science, have yet to learn that the disappearance of the mammoth was an event that had any direct connexion with the Noachian Flood.

F. W. RUDLER.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### A DIONYSIAC ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTION.

Barton-on-Humber: Dec. 12, 1887.

The Inscription Gamurrini, No. 30, "fulun-sulpaxiesvelcusi," affords a good instance of the different methods of Etruscan interpretation. Schaefer renders Fabretti, No. 2250, which is identical except in one letter:

"Dem Fuluns weilt (dies) Vel Pachies."

Corssen renders Fab. *Primo Sup.*, No. 453, which is very rudely scrawled on a rhyton with a mule's head:

*Fulun sul paxi es vel cudi*  
"Bacchicum [poculum] Pacii Veli Gati filii Lartia matre nati."

Deecke renders the three inscriptions:

"Libero (eig.-ri) Velus Pachius (hoc) donat."

The Germans read *clui*, which, according to Deecke, "=*clui*, 'donat'"; and suppose that some tosspot called Pachies, who, it would seem, was dedicating cups to Bacchus in various parts of Italy, is referred to. There is, I believe, a Samnite name "Pacius." Gamurrini utterly rejects the reading *clui* (and the copy inscriptions seem to quite bear out his view), and describes the inscription in question thus: "Sotto il piede di una tazza dipinta a figure rosse, rappresentanti un satiro con una capra." He renders it, on Indo-European principles:

*fulun sul paxi es vel cudi*  
"Fuluns: solus Bacchus es fortiter gaude."

Since I regard this latter method as being, notwithstanding the recent efforts of Prof. Moratti, out of the question, I shall not discuss its application here. The statements in inscriptions are generally simple enough; and any rendering that is harsh, obscure, roundabout, or grotesque, stands self-condemned.

We have here a Bacchic cup bearing a representation of a satyr and a goat. Such representations were common enough in Etruria, and particularly at Vulci, whence No. 2250 came. On vases from Vulci we find such scenes as satyr riding on goat; Dionysos, satyrs and goat; Dionysos holding the two halves of a torn kid, &c. It would not, then, be an extravagant supposition to imagine that this inscription, like scores of other Etruscan inscriptions, simply mentioned the beings depicted, or who were connected with the cup, or both. In short, if we imagined the inscription to read, "The (Cup) of the Wine-god, Satyr and Goat," we should, I think, be quite in accordance with abstract probability. And this is just what I submit, without any dogmatism, it really does mean. I read:

*fulun-s-ul* *paxi-s-vel*  
"Wine-god-the-belonging-to: Bacchanal-and  
*cudi*  
Goat."

1. *Fulun*. The wine-god in question is, as shown on a well-known mirror, the son of Semla-Samlath, not a native Etruscan divinity. Corssen's objection that this name could not represent the Greek *Búβαιος*, because the Gk. and Lat. *b* = Et. *p*, never *f*, is based on a misapprehension. It is a question of script. *F* is the last and latest letter in the Etruscan

alphabet, and the name is older than the letter. We thus obtain:

Greek — *B-ú-B-λ-í-u-o-s*

Earlier Et. { *P-u-p-l-u-n-u*

                  { *Φ-u-φ-l-u-n-u*

Later Et. — *P-u-f-l-u-n-u*

As to the Phoenician Dionysos of Byblos (*vide* Hehn, *Wanderings of Plants and Animals*, Eng. edit. by Stallybrass, pp. 448-9), students, with the exception of Mr. A. Lang, are now agreed on the question of the Oriental origin of the Dionysiac cult. Mr. Lang, in his latest work, describes it as the product of an (hypothetic) era in Greece, when people worshipped "goats and deer and bulls." While, on the one hand, the evidence of the foreign character of the cult is overwhelming, on the other, the historical evidence of the goat-worshipping age is simply nil.

2. -*S*. = "the" (*vide* Sayce, "Etruscan Notes," in *ACADEMY*, September 7, 1878; "The Suffix *s* in Et." in Pauli's *Altital. Stud.*, part ii.)

3. -*Ul*. = "of," "belonging to." A genitive and possessive casual suffix, variant of *al*, which was used as a matronymic (*vide* Sayce, *ut sup.*; Taylor, *Et. Researches*, 223). *E.g.*, inscription on an Apollo-statue—*Jupetr-ul Epure*; *Trui-al-s* = "Troy-belonging-to-the" = "The Trojan."

4. *Paxi*-*s*. "Final *s*" frequently "introduces a new subject, and may be translated either by the definite article or by the conjunction 'and,'" (*Sayce. Cf. the Magyar és, s, 'and'.*) Etruscan transliteration does not, as a rule, preserve the Gk. final *s*, *e.g.*, *Oppeús* = Et. *Upe*, &c., though we find the Et. *Vilatas* = *Οὐλιδῆς*. Hence the *s* in *Paxi*s probably does not represent the Gk. *s*, though perhaps it may do so. The instances are:

(1). Et. — *P-a-χ-i-s-s* (Gam. No. 30).

*Cf. Gk.* — *B-a-κχ-ε-ύ-s* (= *Báκχος* = a Bacchanal.)

(2). Et. — *P-a-χ-i-i-e-s* (Fab. No. 2250).

*Cf. Gk.* — *B-a-κχ-ε-ι-ο-s* (*θεός* = *Báκχος*. *Cf. Herod. iv. 79*).

(3). Et. — *P-a-χ-i* (Gam. No. 552: *kuθna . paxi . rexí . . .*).

*Cf. Gk.* — *B-a-κχ-ε* (*Cf. Euripidēs, Bakhai*, 998, 1020).

5. *Vel*. In the bilinguals the Et. *Ve* = (in sense) the Lat. *Caius*, because, as Prof. Sayce well observes, *Ve*, fem. *Velu*, must, like *Caius* and *Caisa*, have at times meant "Groom" and "Bride." The reason of this will now appear, and the following comparisons will show the course of idea. In Magyar, *vel*, "companion," becomes the sign of the comitative -*vel*, -*val*.

Akkadian — { *m-u-l-u*  
                  { *m-u-r-u* } = *vulu*, "man."

Samoied — { *f-a-l-e-a*  
                  { *f-a-r-i-o* } = "relative."

Magyar — { *f-a-r* — *f* } = "man,"  
                  { *f-a-rj* } = "husband."

Karagass — { *v-a-l*  
                  { *b-i-l-a* } = "with,"  
                  { *p-i-l-a* }

Etruscan — { *v-a-l-e* = "bridegroom."  
                  { *v-a-l-u* = "bride," "consort."  
                  { *v-a-l* = "with," "and."

Thus *vel* is naturally a common Et. town-name prefix (*vide* Taylor, *Et. Researches*, 346), and also appears in abraded forms, *e.g.*, *marunux-va* ("and Procurator," Fab. 2056. With the Et. *maru* and *mari-s*, "the youth," *cf. the Ak. muru*). So, again, in Fab. 2055, we read, "*etera-v(a) clenar ci acanansa vloši*" (= *velússi*), "and younger children two of Acenansa my consort" (note that *Acenansa*, as the first of two words in the same case, is not inflected. So in Ostiak, "*toma, dieser*, abl. *tomiwet*, *von diesem*"; but "*toma* [not *tomiwet*] *xajadúvet*, *von diesem Menschen*"). In Magyar, *vel* is a postposition, *e.g.*, *erö-vel* ("by force"), *ásovál*

("with a spade"). I, therefore, write *paxie-s-vel*.

6. *Cubi*. The following comparisons illustrate this word. The variants accord with the laws of Turanian letter-change, and the words mean "goat," except as indicated:

Akkadian	— <i>z-u-r</i> (vide Sayce, <i>Rel. Anct. Bab.</i> 285).
Assyrian	— <i>s-u-r-r-u</i> (a loan-word).
Buriat	— <i>z-u-r</i>
Lapponic	— <i>s-a-riv</i> = "elk."
Finnic	— <i>k-au-r-is</i> (first form).
Buriat	— <i>z-u-r-ai</i>
(Other dialects.)	— <i>g-u-r-e</i> — <i>k-u-r-ei</i>
Tungusic	— <i>k-o-r-ai</i>
Basque	— <i>a-k-e-r-r-a</i>
Arintzi	— <i>o-k-ae-sch-i</i> = "elk."
Finnic	— <i>u-u-o-h-i</i> (second form).
Magyar	— <i>k-e-ek-e</i>
Finnic	— <i>k-u-tt-u</i> (third form).
Etruscan	— <i>k-u-θ-i</i>

*Kuθna* (Gam. No. 552, *sup.*) = *kuθina*, as *suθna* = *subina*; *na* = "belonging to" (vide Sayce, "Et. Notes," *sup.*). Hence *kuθna* = ἡ τοῦ τράγων, the goat-cup. This inscription is on a cup. The goat-cup is the equivalent of the αἶψον ἀρκύν οἶνον (Od. ix. 196), and goat's blood is, in Bacchic idea, closely connected with wine (cf. Euripides, *Bak.* 139-42: αἶμα τραγο-τόνον... ρεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πέδον, ρεῖ δ' οἶνον). So of the baby-skin in the *Thesmophoriazousai*: δὲ μοι σφαγεῖον, ἢ οὐ τὸ γ' αἶμα τοῦ τέκνου τοῦ μοῦ λάβω.) It seems from Hesychios that the Etruscans pronounced the Lat. *cap-er* (which would appear to them a plural formation) *kapra*, thus assimilating it to such forms as *Kupra*. The Etruscan inscriptions should be studied both from within and without. ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

#### THE CHÊDI ERA.

Göttingen: Jan. 2, 1888.

To few other books am I indebted for so much valuable information regarding the history of the Indian middle-ages, and there are none to which I have to refer so often, as to Sir A. Cunningham's *Reports of the Archaeological Survey of India*; and I have not overlooked the Besāni inscription in vol. xxi., p. 102, to which the author has kindly drawn my attention in the *ACADEMY* of December 31. I, too, am of opinion that the date of that inscription is recorded in the Chêdi Era, the epoch of which I consider to be A.D. 248; for, taking the figure 958 to denote the number of years elapsed, the corresponding year is A.D. 1207, in which the month Āshādha was intercalary, as stated by General Cunningham.

Three other inscriptions, the dates of which have been referred to the Chêdi era, are mentioned in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xiii., p. 77. Of these, the Ilāo grant is dated 417, on the new-moon day of Jyāishtha, on the occasion of a solar eclipse. Taking 417 to be the current year of the Chêdi era, the corresponding English date is April 21, 665, when there was a solar eclipse. The Nausāri grant is dated 456, Māgha su. di. 15, on the occasion of an eclipse of the moon, on either a Monday or a Tuesday (which of the two is doubtful). Taking 456 to be the number of years elapsed, the corresponding date is Tuesday, February 2, 706, when there was a lunar eclipse. In the case of these two inscriptions, my calculations by Prof. Jacobi's tables agree with those of Sir A. Cunningham. For the Kāvi grant, we have in the body of the inscription the data "Āshādha su. di. 10, when the sun entered the sign Cancer [in other words, on the first of the solar month S'rāvāna]," and towards the end the data "486, Āshādha su. di. [without a figure], on a Sunday." Here my calculation shows that 486, the figure given in the pub-

lished grant, cannot be the current year. And taking it to denote the number of years elapsed, the corresponding date would be June 5, 735, which was a Sunday, but was not the first of the solar month S'rāvāna = June 23. In the year A.D. 736, which would be the Chêdi year 488 current, Āshādha su. di. 10 did fall on the first day of the solar month S'rāvāna; but that day, June 22, was a Friday, not a Sunday. I am inclined to believe that the grant was really made on Friday, June 22, 736, and recorded on the Sunday following; but I should like to examine the original plate or a good photograph of it, before expressing any definite opinion.

Finally, I am aware that Sir A. Cunningham has referred to the Chêdi era the Rêwa copper-plate inscription of Jayasimhadêva of the year 926, and I have to confess that in the case of this inscription my calculations have not yet furnished any satisfactory results.

F. KIELHORN.

#### A BILINGUAL LIST OF ASSYRIAN GODS.

London: Dec. 29, 1887.

From Mr. Pinches' letter in the *ACADEMY* of December 24 a casual reader would conclude that Dr. Bezold had fallen into gross error about a clear matter of fact; whereas Dr. Bezold's suggestion (which, by the way, he puts in a conditional form) is, to say the least, as logical as the counter suggestion of Mr. Pinches. Let us look at the facts once more.

The tablet K. 2100 is a fragment representing less than one quarter of the original text, as its measurements show. On the obverse are two columns; the one containing a list of words or phrases in Akkadian, and the other giving the name of the god Rammānu in the first line, with the character signifying "ditto" in all the following lines, the names of certain countries being added in seven instances to the word "ditto." On the reverse are four short sections in two columns. Section 1 gives two Akkadian phrases on the one side, with the Assyrian words for "great gods" (probably) on the other. Section 2 and section 3 are mutilated, and consist only of three lines and one line respectively. Section 4 is the one transcribed by Mr. Pinches in his letter. It gives, first, certain words in Assyrian (probably), Phœnician, Syrian (probably), Elamite, Kassite, and Akkadian, to which the Assyrian word "god," according to Mr. Pinches' probable restoration, corresponds in the second column. Next it gives two words (perhaps Akkadian) to which the Assyrian word for "goddess" corresponds. Then follows the same Assyrian word for "goddess," with the name "Ishtar" corresponding to it. Then, "Ashtar" is given as corresponding to "Ishtar," the word "Phœnicia" being added. Then come two Elamite words to which "Ishtar" is understood to correspond. Lastly, the Akkadian phrase meaning "all the gods" is written, with the same words in Assyrian in the corresponding place.

From this analysis it is evident that Mr. Pinches has made two erroneous statements in his letter. First, that the tablet is a "list of gods," and secondly that the last line contains a "statement that it is, in fact, a 'list of all the gods.'" There is a great difficulty, of course, in arriving at the true character of such a fragment as this tablet. It would seem, with far greater probability, to be a gloss on some particular text, perhaps a ritual formula such as a hymn. In that case the second column would not always contain translations, as Mr. Pinches asserts, of the words and phrases in the first column, but rather explanations of unusual words or difficult phrases, whether Assyrian or foreign. For instance, the Semitic "Qadmu" cannot be merely an equivalent for

"God," but is far more probably an epithet explained as referring to a god—perhaps to Rammānu, as the obverse would suggest. Then "Ishtar" cannot possibly be a translation of "Iltum" (goddess), but is far more likely to be an explanation of some allusion to Ishtar as "the goddess" in a particular text. The last line certainly contains an Assyrian translation of an Akkadian phrase, which probably occurred in the text to be explained. At any rate, there is no "statement" there as to the character of the document.

We come, then, to the disputed word "malahum." There is, in fact, nothing to prove that it is the well-known *malah* "boatman," and nothing to disprove it. It is at least possible that the "boatman" was an epithet of the god, perhaps Rammānu, borrowed from Phœnicia. This is, at any rate, a more legitimate conjecture than that the word is connected with Molech and Malcham, as Mr. Pinches suggests. The interchange of *l* and *h* is unknown in the Semitic languages. In the later Syriac, it is true, the Arabic *kh* is represented by *kaph*; but, as this is merely a conventional mode of transcription, and not a natural phonetic change, it offers no analogy. The question must be left open, as so many questions in Assyriology must be, until our knowledge is greater. There is no warrant whatever for Mr. Pinches' assertion that "the word *malahum*, therefore [?], is not the well-known *malah* 'boatman,' but the ancient Phœnician word for 'god,'" &c.

B. T. A. EVETTS.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

It is proposed to establish in Cornwall a central Museum of Mineralogy, to be connected with the Mining Association and Institute. The purpose of the museum is to be purely practical and educational. It will illustrate the geological structure of the important mining districts of Cornwall, and will seek to exhibit, not fancy specimens, but typical examples of rocks, ores, and other minerals of economic or geological interest.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. G. BERTIN will deliver a course of four lectures at the British Museum on "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," illustrated from the Monuments." The lectures will be given on Thursdays, at 2.30 p.m., during the month of February. The fee for the entire course is 15s. The subjects of the several lectures are: (1) "The Great City"; (2) "Languages and Writing"; (3) "The Populations"; and (4) "The Races."

#### FINE ART.

##### THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE three illustrated art magazines, the *Art Journal*, the *Portfolio*, and the *Magazine of Art* (to take them in the order of seniority), have all started on their new year's career with their wonted vigour. Their "programmes" for the year are already too well-known to make it necessary to recapitulate their attractive items; and we will therefore confine ourselves to some notes on the first fruits of their promises—promises which, if we may judge from the experience of the past year, will be well kept, if not quite literally, at least in spirit.

Most readers, whether disciples or not of Mr. Ruskin, would turn to any paper of his, on whatever subject, before they sought what others had to say—at least in art magazines; and none will be disappointed with his deep-



sighted, surely and sweetly worded "Reverie in the Strand." There is not a little pathetic admission in these thoughts on "the Black Arts," and the Strand's "wonderful displays of etchings and engravings and photographs, all done to perfection such as I never thought possible in my younger days." He sees the forces at work, the sincerity and accomplishment of the artists, the "quantity of living character," the "tourist curiosity and the scientific naturalism," and asks what it is all to come to. We will leave our readers to seek his answer and all the sad and wise thoughts which occur to him at a state of things artistic, which, without arousing his sympathy, greatly attracts his wonder, and makes him, perhaps, think regretfully of some too confident utterances of past years. "It has," he writes, "so long been my habit to to assert things—at all events very questionable in the terms I choose for them—in mere love of provocation, that now in my subdued state of age and infirmity I take refuge, as often as possible, in the unquestionable."

It is a pity, and we feel it more when we find Mr. Ruskin writing in this temper, that there should be so much truth in what Mr. Hamerton says of him in the *Portfolio*. One of the most vigorous papers that has, for a long time, come from the pen of the editor of this periodical is the first of a series of "Conversations on Book Illustrations," conducted by an artist, a poet, a critic, and a scientist. It is the critic who says, "As Mr. Ruskin has himself said, the literary and artistic faculties cannot be both cultivated to the same extent—he is an artist when he writes, a student when he draws. In writing he unhesitatingly sacrifices accuracy to effect, and that is quite characteristic of an artist. In drawing he seems always anxious, above all things, to be accurate, and that is characteristic of the painstaking and conscientious student." At all events, as to the accuracy of Mr. Ruskin's paper on "The Black Arts," and the beauty of the drawings by himself which illustrate it, there can be no doubt.

All the magazines start with a plate or plates of much merit. M. Massé has etched for the *Art Journal*, with singular skill of line and beauty of tone, Mr. Orchardson's well-known "Hard Hit"; and though (at least in our impression) Mr. Dobie's etching in the *Magazine of Art*, of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariamne," is too black in parts, it is a fine piece of work. The *Portfolio* has three engravings on metal, one by Mr. A. H. Palmer, which reproduces with admirable fidelity Sir John Millais' portrait of Mr. Hook; a brilliant and delicate etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, after a luminous and elegant composition by Paul Sandby, which illustrates Mr. Monkhouse's first paper on "The Earlier English Water-colour Painters"; and another etching of singular power by Mdlle. Bynot, after one of M. Henner's strongly lit studies, called "Une Crèche."

Among other papers to be noted are, in the *Art Journal*, "The Seine as a Painting Ground," written and illustrated by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and "Barye," by Mr. W. E. Henley; in the *Magazine of Art*, "Modern Life in Modern Art," by Mr. F. Wedmore, and "The Portraits of Napoleon the First," by Mr. Richard Heath; in the *Portfolio* the beginning of a very interesting biography of Mr. Hook by the engraver of his portrait, Mr. A. H. Palmer.

### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

#### A CENTURY OF BRITISH ART.

THE devotion of an entire exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery to the works of the earlier masters of the British School is in some measure a new departure. That there was a British School at all in the last century was not only

denied by foreigners but has scarcely been admitted by Englishmen. Hogarth, of course, and Gainsborough, Wilson and Sir Joshua, Romney and a few more, were recognised as great artists, worthy to be included in any gathering of deceased masters, worthy (some of them at least) to have special exhibitions of their works. Nevertheless it has scarcely been recognised that there were, besides these great masters, a number of smaller ones quite equal to the smaller masters of other schools, and that all taken together form quite as respectable a body of painters as any foreign country could produce during the same period. What was proved of the last fifty years by the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester may be said to have been proved of the century previous to it by the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery; and the fact that this latter exhibition is but a partial one, and is largely composed of what are generally called "unimportant" pictures, only serves to emphasise the fact.

Of course a historical exhibition of the period 1737 to 1837, which takes no account of the water-colour painters as such, must be an unfair and incomplete one, nationally considered. And though many of the greatest painters in water colours were also fine painters in oils, and some of these are represented here like De Wint, Copley Fielding, Cotman, Havell, and G. Barrett, jun.—others, who also painted in oils, like Paul Sandby and David Cox, are omitted. From the regular oil painters also we miss some names, notably that of Joseph Wright, of Derby. But the merit of the present collection does not consist in the complete representation of the greatest names in English art, but in bringing to notice some names which are in danger of being forgotten, in showing the merit of others not duly appreciated, and even introducing some artists whose existence is unknown to any but art students.

In the last category are Aikman, the portrait painter, and Herbert Pugh, by whom two pictures of London Bridge (122, 124) are sent by Messrs. Graves, who also contribute a very interesting picture of Covent Garden (252) by Joseph Francis Nollekens, the father of the sculptor, who, for the majority, is another *pictor ignotus*. If a few have heard of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston (3, 140, 184), few know how good a painter this amateur was; and still fewer know the name or work of his countryman, William Ewbank, R.S.A. (101, 199, 273, 327). And there will be many who appreciate the water-colour drawing of William Havell who will yet be surprised by the purity and delicacy and fine colour of his work in oils (215, 216, 220, 311).

To turn to some better-known names—do not the public need, at least, reminding that the early work of Sir Augustus Calcott was exquisite in tone, beautiful in composition, and of extreme care and skill in execution; that Bonington was a rare and versatile genius, an artist born, a colourist of unique quality, a painter of atmosphere and light comparable only to the greatest; that De Wint was also a great colourist, and as fine a painter in oil as in water; that John Sell Cotman was an artist of power and originality; and even that Richard Wilson studied nature, as well as art, and painted Wales as well as Italy?

If we turn to the figure painters we shall find as many things worth knowing, if we are ignorant; worth remembering, if we know. John Raphael Smith was an accomplished painter, as well as a great engraver in mezzotint. He was the master of De Wint and of Hilton. He painted landscapes, but he also painted the charming "Visit to Grandfather" (225), lent by Sir Charles Tennant. Near it will be found another domestic scene, also belonging to Sir Charles, called "The Disaster," which cannot fail to raise the reputation of Wheatley as a painter in oils, and a designer of *genre* subjects. But, perhaps, the reputation which will gain most from this ex-

hibition is that of Opie. "The Schoolmistress" (171), belonging to Lord Wantage, is stated in Mr. F. G. Stephens's interesting and learned catalogue to have first brought the artist into notice. It has now done him much the same service with the present generation, by whom Opie is principally known, not as the "Cornish Wonder," the painter of the "Murder of David Rizzio," the man of low origin and high intellect, but as a forcible portrait painter, with a tendency to blackness in the shadows. This masterly composition of life-size figures—finely drawn and modelled, grand in distribution of light and shade, fine, if sombre in colour—will show them something more of the man and the artist. The dignity and refinement which mark the expression and character of the faces raise the composition above the usual level of *genre*, and few will look at the picture without thinking also of some great names in art.

Some of the greatest masters of the English School are well represented. By Constable there are thirty-three pictures, large or small, sketches and finished pictures; by Morland, twenty-eight; to Hogarth, twenty-five are ascribed, which, if all be genuine, is the largest collection of this artist's work which has probably been seen since his death; by Old Crome, twenty-one; by Gainsborough, seventeen; by Wilson, fifteen; by Wilkie and Romney, twelve each; by Turner, eleven; and by Sir Joshua Reynolds, ten. The collection of Constables fairly represents the whole career of the artist and his various manners, from the most careful brushwork and elaborate drawing to the flashing gleams of his palette knife. Here is the great "Hadleigh Castle," of 1829 (the year he was made an Academician, the year after he lost his wife)—a grand composition, with the two ruined towers on the left, and the estuary of the Thames shining like silver in the distance, a wide stretch of marsh gleaming with light and moisture and streaked with the shadows of the rainclouds, the remnants of last night's storm. It is No. 7 in the catalogue, and lent by Mr. Louis Huth. There are three views of Dedham Vale, the original (or a replica) of the well-known picture engraved by Lucas (161), lent by Sir J. Neeld; a charming early picture (40) belonging to Mr. Woolner, and painted in 1811; and a small one lent by Mr. Orrock (275). Mr. Holbrook Gaskell is the owner of Constable's last work, "Arundel Castle and Mill" (47), painted in 1837. Mr. Thomas Ashton sends the great "Salisbury" with the rainbow engraved by Lucas (142); and Mr. Hobson, one of "Salisbury Cathedral" (173) from the bishop's grounds—a slightly altered version of the picture in the South Kensington Museum. Mr. J. Dixon Piper's "Barge and Lock Gates—Stormy Weather" (51); Mr. Andrews's silvery sketch of "The Lock" (135); Mr. Lockwood's rich, gleaming "Landscape, with a Barge" (137), and Mr. Woolner's "Glebe Farm" (46), conclude the list of Constable's larger works here; but there are a number of delightful small examples, sent principally by Mr. Orrock.

Of Turner, the examples are all of his earlier period, before he indulged himself in bright colour. The Earl of Yarborough sends the great "Wreck of the *Minotaur*" (139), and the "Vintage of Macon" (121); the Duke of Westminster the fine "Conway Castle" (107), and the perhaps finer "Dunstanborough" (69), a work of extreme simplicity and grandeur, besides a small "Mouth of the Thames" (111). Beautiful also in light and sentiment, and masterly in their management of a restricted scale of colour, are Mr. Woolner's "Early Morning" (9) and Mr. Brocklebank's "Somer Hill" (64); Mr. Ashton's "Calder Bridge" (60), one of Turner's rare interiors, "The Fitzalan Chapel, Arundel" (169), belonging to Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Hughes' sketch for the "*Minotaur*" (301), complete the list, unless we include Mr. Wass's singularly fine

portrait of a handsome and gallant young man, which is presented as a portrait of Turner by himself (137).

The works of some other of the landscape painters deserve to be treated at greater length than can be spared there. Of the numerous Wilsons, the most important are the fine and unusually warm-coloured "View on the Tiber" (79), lent by Sir Clare Ford, and Mr. Rankin's perfect "View between Dolgelly and Barmouth" (94). By Gainsborough are a fine sketch for "The Cottage Door" (165), belonging to Mr. Lockwood, and "A Wooded Landscape with Cart and Horse" (155), lent by Mr. R. Goring Thomas. The Norwich School is amply represented by many fine Cromes, including Mr. Louis Huth's noble "Grove Scene near Marlingford" (152), and several good examples of his pupils Stark and Vincent. Of the latter rare master is the celebrated "St. Paul's" (132), lent by Mr. Lockwood, and a beautiful view of "Hastings Beach" (167), belonging to Mr. Crook. Among the Cotmans are Mr. Woolner's "Off Ecclesbourne" (4), and "Merton Hall" (78). Though not belonging to the Norwich School, Patrick Nasmyth, as a student of Hobbema, has much affinity to Crome and Stark, as Mr. David Price's beautiful "View in Surrey" (41) clearly shows. Finally, before leaving the landscapes, attention should again be called to the Boningtons—to the Duke of Westminster's "Sea-piece" (125); to Mr. W. Fuller Maitland's exquisite little "Chateau of the Duchesse de Berri" (15), perhaps the most luminous landscape in the gallery, and to numerous little gem-like pictures in the smaller rooms. Mr. Woolner also sends two of this artist's rare and beautiful little figure-pieces—"Don Quixote in his Study" (205) and "Charles V. visiting Francis I." (96). It is as a landscape painter, also, that George Morland is here specially distinguished. This admirable painter is well represented all round—by little *genre* pictures, beautifully finished and charming in colour, like Sir Charles Tennant's "Diligence" (73) and "Idleness" (67); by pictures of interiors as fine as if by Teniers, of horses and pigs and sheep, unexcelled by anyone—lent by Mr. Bonamy Dobree, Mr. Louis Huth—who sends "The White Horse" (99)—Mr. Ford, Mr. W. W. Lewis, and others. Morland's reputation for such subjects can scarcely be increased, but the remarkable beauty of Mr. Richard Gibbs's little "Landscape, with Soldiers on a Bridge" (81) will be a surprise even to some of his admirers.

Of the three great portrait painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney—it is the last that is best represented. There is nothing by the first two to compare, as capital examples of their genius, with Romney's full-length of the "Dowager Countess Poulett" (56), lent by Lord Burton; and other very fine Romneys are lent by Mr. Carwardine, Mr. Gray Hill, Earl Cathcart, and Lord Petre. There are, nevertheless, some fine and interesting examples of Reynolds and Gainsborough; but these painters are so constantly before the public that their reputations can afford a little comparative neglect in this article. Nor have we space to treat as they deserve the unusually numerous collection of Hogarths. Their interest is so great that it would need a separate article to exhaust it; but that interest is largely of a historical and social character, while most of the finest works, considered as paintings, such as the large "David Garrick as Richard III." (28), the portrait group of "Garrick and his Wife" (27), and "The Lady's Last Stake" (113), are well known. There is the less reason to dwell upon these pictures here, as a great deal of interesting information about them and their history is supplied by Mr. Stephens in the catalogue. There is also little need to call attention to the Wilkies, which include one of his finest works, "The Letter of Introduction" (1), lent by Mr. Brocklebank; and the life-like portrait of himself (133), belonging to Mr. R. Rankin; nor

to Sir George Beaumont's pair of groups of actors by Zoffany (120 and 126), full of life and character; nor to the Mulready's, among which is the very fine "Idle Boys" (62), lent by Mr. Woolner; nor even to the life-size figure of "The Woodman," by Barker of Bath, lent by the Duke of Cleveland, and once so popular through the engraving. These are all sure of attracting their due share of attention.

All considered, the hundred years of English art—from 1737 to 1837—is fairly well represented: in landscape, from Wilson to Linnell; in portrait, from Aikman to Sir Thomas Lawrence; in *genre*, from Hogarth to Mulready. In these lines the British may challenge, without fear, any other modern school of the same time. But what of what used to be called "High Art"? What of Finch and Hamilton, of Mortimer and Hilton, of Haydon and Barry, and the rest of the gallant—but, as we now think, mistaken—band of artists, who looked with comparative scorn on landscape and portrait and *genre*? Truly, time brings revenges; and the British School is proud only of those men whose art was despised in their day. Only one of the painters of poetry and history is well represented here—is, indeed, practically represented at all—and this is Etty, whose extraordinary gifts as a colourist and a painter of flesh saves his reputation from this huge wreck of mistaken ambition. Here are Sir J. Neeld's "Pandora" (187), exquisite still for artists and connoisseurs, but of little attraction to the ordinary visitor; here is Mr. Louis Huth's forcible "Robinson Crusoe" (70), and several other fine examples of a master who, in certain qualities as a painter, has no rival in any modern school, but who is doomed, not without reason, to perpetual unpopularity.

If this collection proves nothing else, it proves the want of the really National Gallery of Pictures, and the collection under one roof of all the examples of our own masters which the nation possesses. Scattered at South Kensington, the British Museum, Bethnal Green, and Trafalgar-square, the nation has no easy means even of estimating its riches, or of obtaining a full view of the history and merits of the British School. These riches are no doubt considerable, thanks to private generosity. In Turners, Landseers, Constables, and some other artists we are rich indeed; but in many others, great as well as little, we are very poor. We have only one poor Cotman, no David Cox, nothing worthy to represent Muller or Bonington, not a Vincent, scarcely a Romney. But it is not only the greatest artists who should be represented—and well represented. We should have (speaking only of oil paintings) our Zoffany's and our Ibbetson's, our Havells, and our Ewbanks. Some of these may be bought cheaply now, but it will not be so soon. The public are becoming aware of the merits of our minor masters of the end of the last century and the beginning of this; and a few more exhibitions like this at the Grosvenor Gallery will make a collection of them costly and difficult to procure.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

#### THE ART COLLECTIONS IN THE GOETHE HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

ON July 3, 1886, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in the presence of a distinguished company, opened the Goethe Museum. The last grandson of Goethe, Baron Walther, died the year before in Leipzig, having bequeathed to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar the Goethe archives and to the state of Weimar the Goethe House with its collections. The grand duke accordingly formed the plan of giving the numerous objects of art therein a worthy home, and also determined that everything now procurable which had belonged to Goethe, or had been in any way connected with him, should be here brought together. The care-

fully restored house of the poet has thus become a memorial of his wide knowledge and universal artistic interests, and the Goethe National Museum has been created.

The Goethe House in Weimar was at that time in a ruinous condition. The grandsons of Goethe, during the fifty years after his death, had not only prohibited admission to its archives and collections, but they had allowed the house in which these were stored to go to decay. The Government of Saxe-Weimar granted a necessary sum for repairs; and, through the energetic endeavours of the new director, Mr. Ruhland, the Goethe House on the opening day presented as nearly as possible the same aspect as when the great poet died in it in 1832.

The impression on the mind of the visitor is deep. What varied collections, what artistic and scientific interests they embrace! What a true individuality in the great collector they indicate! One feels that here lived a spirit which moved on the summit of artistic knowledge of his time. Indeed, the manner in which the different objects of art are classified, and the evidence of design disclosed in their arrangement, prove that he was in advance of his contemporaries. Thus, as Goethe discovered new problems in the domain of natural science and new limits to its development, so also his conception of art and its history was characteristic and original. Goethe was, in fact, the first modern art historian. He felt the comparative science of art as it now presents itself to us.

On entering the vestibule of the Goethe house we are impressed by the collector's marked preference for the antique. This entrance-hall, as well as the staircase, was restored by the poet on his return from Rome. Afterwards he regretted the waste of space, but consoled himself with the consciousness of having retained the character of an Italian piazza, which was for Weimar in those days something remarkable. Whether the sight of this plain winding staircase, these colourless walls with their unmeaning triglyph-frieze under the ceiling, calls forth a smile or a feeling of emotion, it remains important to observe how Goethe thought out the impression which the whole was to produce. The statues on the landing and staircase give the special character. It is true that they are only tolerably good casts, which were bronzed over from motives of decoration; yet the choice of these is significant and interesting. The "Adorante" at the bottom of the landing and the "Ildefonso Group" (the sacrifice of Antinous) at the entrance-hall show the prime and decline of Greco-Roman art. Over the door, on the first landing, we find the busts of the "Apollo of Belvedere" and of "Mars Borghese." A larger space is taken up with two cartoons on the longer side of the hall. They give us drawings of the Elgin Marbles of the size of the originals. The mere fact of Goethe having placed the Cecrops and the Hyades with the Vatican Apollo shows that he was not ignorant of the distinctive change which had taken place in the artistic world after the works of Phidias became known. Instead of the former blind reverence paid to works of art, or criticism came into power and masterpieces were judged from a historical point of view. In examining the contents of the different rooms we see that Goethe felt this connecting historical idea in all he collected, and that it influenced him in the arrangement of his collections.

We are welcomed on entering by a Pompeian "Salve" in mosaic, on the step of the door which we pass through in order to get to the so-called Saal (Goethe's reception room). The numerous family pictures and portraits here are very interesting; but we must leave them, and turn our attention to the various objects



gathered together in the glass cases in front of the window. It is, perhaps, necessary to mention that they were not in this room during Goethe's lifetime. We can only ascertain that he kept his collections in two rooms—the "ceiling room" and the "engraving room," and that he showed them at times to his visitors. Notwithstanding these additions, the apartments have retained as much as possible their original character of dwelling-rooms. We feel ourselves in a private house, and at the same time enjoy the survey of a well-arranged museum. The glass case to the left contains, among other personal souvenirs, small bronzes, ivory tablets—in short, objects of art industry, not numerous but, as one sees at a glance, systematically disposed. Thus, next to a small Etruscan figure of a sphinx or winged Medusa we find beautiful implements (handles, &c.), which, although of Italian origin, breathe the true Greek style. Further on we see small images (*larses*) belonging especially to Roman worship. It is striking how correctly the productions of the Northern bronze period are arranged: pieces of arms, ornaments—among others one of the well-known brooches or fibulae. It is seen that Goethe anticipated and felt, even in these inferior objects of art, the existence of a kind of development which worked itself out according to the countries and the periods with a sort of necessity. His historical feeling, which appears throughout, shows itself very clearly in the distribution of the ivory objects and signet rings. The ancient period, including an exquisite small ivory Atlas; the middle ages and the modern period of ivory work, together with the nationalities, are successively represented.

Turning to the right we find the original collection room. This so-called "ceiling room" contains, as it formerly did (according to the statement of an old inventory lately found), the medal collection, scientific instruments, and small casts. The walls are covered with drawings and sketches. It is well known that Goethe loved medals, and the specimens before us are valuable and numerous. Masterpieces of Italian Renaissance form a principal portion of it. The Quattro and Cinquecento are well represented, nor are French and German medals of the same and later dates wanting. The feeling of historical development is strikingly marked. Nearly every dynasty of the Italian Renaissance is represented: the Farnara as well as the Este, the Malatesta, Sforza, and Medici, King Alfonso of Naples, Sixtus IV., Julius II., doges, celebrated poets, even the reigning Sultan Mohammed. It is not so much the historical knowledge which impresses us as the technical grasp of the subject. Goethe possessed unique specimens—medals of Vittore Pisano (medallion of Lionello d'Este), cast medals of the earlier periods and beautifully coined ones of the later. Bronze statues of the Renaissance, as well as of the middle ages and the ancient periods, are, for well-known reasons, rarely to be found. The artistically designed Greek coins throw light on the works of high art which have perished, and compensate in some degree for the lost creations of architecture and sculpture. A similar result can be deduced from the Renaissance medallions. On the reverse of a medal of Sigismondo Malatesta we have a view of the never-finished "San Francesco" at Rimini. The medal of Julius II. gives St. Peter's according to the design of Bramante. Of still greater importance are the finely chased heads on these medals. They in themselves claim a distinguished rank as independent works of art. They not only make up for deficiencies in the Italian portraiture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but in many cases replace lost busts and statues. A connoisseur like Goethe felt the full value of Italian art. The whole of the Italian Renaissance

stood before him, as we also see from his other collections, with a completeness and accuracy which have only been acquired with much labour by later investigators.

The drawings on the walls are numerous. They include many personal souvenirs of contemporary painters, such as the first illustrations which Angelica Kaufmann sketched for scenes of "Iphigenia" and the apotheosis of the poet; the "Fair of Phindarsweilen," by G. M. Kraus; landscapes by Oeser, Schütz, Lobell, Knip, the so-called "Teufels Müller," &c. It is surprising how many good specimens of Italian Cinquecentists and German Renaissance artists are gathered together here. One among the latter, an allegory of the Reformation by the celebrated sculptor, Peter Vischer, stands pre-eminent by the beauty of its drawing and the originality of its idea. Among the engravings of this period we find the works of Altdorfer, Ringlin and Schwarz, &c. That Goethe's knowledge, even in this sphere, was not superficial, but that he was possessed of thorough judgment, is shown by his appreciation of German sketches for glass paintings, such as Holbein drew. Among the Italian drawings, industrial art is brought forward in water-colour decorative paintings from Giovanni da Udine—a celebrated pupil of Raphael in this branch. Not less full of meaning is the placing together of the Roman Victory—a miniature model of the antique tomb near Igel—and Peter Vischer's statue of himself on the Sebaldus Monument at Nürnberg. The interesting portrait-sketch of Chodowiecki and the admirable specimens of Watteau lead us on to corresponding works of modern masters in the adjoining room. Here, again, we find, in cupboards and cases, costly collections, such as Italian bronze plaquettes, and a choice selection of Italian majolica. In the former especially Goethe gave evidence of his accurate comprehension of Italian art. These bronze tablets (which were used as ornaments) are decorated with haut- and bas-reliefs, and are of great value on account of the reflected light which monumental art throws upon them. In the charming plaquette with the kneeling angels (early Renaissance) the fine touch of Verrocchio is easily to be recognised. The embossed "Saint George" on another leaf reveals the brilliant manner of Cellini. Boucher seems to have furnished the sketch of a Cupid relief, as is intimated by the softness and wanton grace of the forms and movements. The art of the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries is progressively presented to us. The historical development of the epochs here, as throughout the museum, gave consistency to Goethe's love of collecting. He exercised a perfectly independent judgment in reference to majolica ware. Indeed, his preference for this pottery, at a time when the beauties of china were highly and exclusively esteemed, seemed so incomprehensible that Goethe thought it necessary to excuse himself for this hobby. In doing so in a letter to Zelter (November 6, 1827) he explains the impression which majolica painting made upon him as "a joyful life, lavishing the heritage bequeathed to it by mighty art." Numbers of Raphael's compositions appear here in lighter forms on these plates and vases, chiefly the products of old Umbrian manufactories. The subjects taken from ancient mythology especially are copies of great models. Goethe clearly realised the influence which high art had upon objects of every-day use. "The Abduction of Europa," "The Triumph of Omphale," the "Punishment of Actæon," or the figure of Apollo as fiddler on his majolica, must have been to him a perpetual reminder of the masterpieces of classical and Renaissance art.

L. VON SCHEFFLER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE MENZALEH.

Westbury-on-Trym: January 2, 1888.

I venture to suggest that not only is the name of Lake Menzaleh derived from the ancient Egyptian name of the city of Tanis, but that it actually preserves that name intact to the present day. Tanis, like Thebes, had many sacred names; but the most important was that to which the Greeks—and notably the Septuagint—gave the form of "Tanis"; and the original of Tanis would undoubtedly seem to have been "Ta," "Tan," "Tān," "Zal," or "Zar"—all dialectal varieties of the one name, which became "Zoan" in Hebrew, "Tsānu" in Assyrian, "Tanis" in Greek, "Tani" in Coptic, and "San" in the Arabic of to-day. That "Ha-uar," the great stronghold of the Hyksós, the "Avaris" of Manetho, was identical with Tanis may be regarded as proved by Mariette's discovery of a stone inscribed with the name of "Ha-uar" in the ruins of the great temple of Tanis, and by De Rouge's celebrated discovery of the variant which gave to "Ha-uar" the pronunciation of "Ha-Tān."

This is not, perhaps, the place in which to discuss the phonetic values of Egyptian hieroglyphs; but I may be allowed to explain, for the benefit of such as do not dabble in "cockology" that the signs which compose "Ha-uar" are (1) the groundplan of a building, pronounced *ha* and (2) a bent leg, apparently in the act of running, pronounced *uar*. It is, however, one of the pleasant peculiarities of Egyptian syllabic signs that a single hieroglyph may have, not only two or more distinct meanings, but two or more different pronunciations—a circumstance which multiplies pitfalls in the path of the hapless translator. The bent leg is a case in point. This sign (as demonstrated by de Rouge) is susceptible of two pronunciations, namely *uar* and *tān*; so that the city might be spoken of indifferently as "Ha-uar" or "Ha-Tān." It is possible that these two phonetic values were in concurrent use; but having regard to the inscriptions of various periods, it would seem as if "Ha-uar" prevailed during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth dynasties, and also during the Hyksós period; but that in the time of Rameses II., it was superseded by "Ha-Tān," and by its abbreviations "Tān" and "Tān." The Greeks, with their characteristic distaste for unmusical vocables, adopted "Tin" and converted it into *Tanis*. The Semitic nations, on the contrary, were attracted by the sibilant "Tān," which, as I have already said, became transformed into (Hebrew) "Zoan," (Assyrian) "Tsānu," and (Arabic) "San."

Meanwhile, it is to be remembered—and Brugsch insists emphatically on this point—that the popular name of the place in all ages was "Zal" or "Zar" (Brugsch's *Dict. Géographique*, p. 995); but it is does not seem to be generally known that "Zar" actually survived down to the middle of the twelfth century of our era as the local name for that part of Lake Menzaleh into which the Bahr San-el-Hagar discharges its waters. This we learn from Edrisi, a celebrated Arab geographer who wrote about A.D. 1153. He distinguishes the N.E. end of the great lagoon as "the lake of Tennis," after the island-city of Tennis there situate; and to the S.W. basin, he gives the name of "the Lake of Zar." Now, it is to be especially observed that in Coptic the *l* of the Bashmuric dialect (the dialect of the district) regularly indicates the *r* of the Sahidic and Memphite dialects; therefore, Edrisi wrote as "Zar" what the natives of the place would, at that time, have pronounced and written "Zal."

The *l* and *r* were also, to some extent, interchangeable in the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing; and the same curious confusion subsists even now between *l* and *r* in the mouths of the Roman peasantry, who invariably say "molto" for "morte," and *vice versa*. Philological identifications are hazardous, and too frequently disputed; but I am, nevertheless, tempted to carry Edrisi's testimony a step farther, and to suggest that "Mer-en-Zal," though not yet found in the texts, would be good Egyptian for "Lake of Zal," and that "Mer-en-Zal" and Menzaleh are practically the same.

I do not forget, when proposing this identification, that the whole bed of Lake Menzaleh was a fertile pastoral district in ancient Egyptian days, or that the present lagune did not exist till many centuries after the ancient national language had ceased to be written and spoken. The "Mer-en-Zal" of the olden time would, therefore, in all probability, have been a minor sheet of water, fed by the winter rain-floods and the annual inundation. Several inscriptions quoted by Brugsch in his *Dict. Géographique* attest the existence of some such lake or pool in the vicinity of Tanis. This pool would naturally give its name to that part of the lake subsequently formed by the incursions of the Mediterranean; and so in time "Mer-en-Zal," or Menzaleh, would come to represent the whole of that watery desert which was once, according to Mas'oudi, one of the wealthiest and most delightful of Egyptian provinces.

I hasten to add that I submit this suggestion as to the name of Lake Menzaleh for, strictly, what it is worth. That, perhaps, may be nothing.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE long-expected Japanese exhibition—to which all the best-known collectors seem to have contributed—will open next week, at the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street, though we understand that the catalogue may not be ready immediately. Mr. McLean will also have on view next week, in the Haymarket, a series of water-colour drawings, by Mr. Edward H. Bearne, made during a tour in Switzerland and Italy in 1887. Mr. Bearne was a Turner medallist of the Royal Academy.

MR. T. MATESDORF delivered the fifth of his course of six lectures on "Raphael," at Steinway Hall, last Wednesday evening. The South Kensington cartoons formed the main subject of the lecture, and were very successfully reproduced in lime-light illustrations. These illustrations have constituted a very attractive feature of Mr. Matesdorf's series. The concluding lecture—on "Cupid and Psyche"—is to be delivered on Wednesday, January 25.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co. have sent us the first number of *Paris illustré*, which appears in a new series with the new year. Among the contents are an article on the lately deceased painter, Gustave Guillaumet, a collection of whose works is now on view at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts; and an analysis of M. Alexandre Dumas' novel *L'Affaire Clémenceau*. Both these are illustrated by some process prints, the latter after a drawing by M. Meissonier. There are also two coloured illustrations, of which we can praise only the military sketch by M. A. de Neuville. We may add that in England no such extensively produced newspaper could live with so poor a show of advertisements.

MR. ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN writes to call public attention to the fact that two pictures

lent by him to the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery somehow got "changed at nurse," and that the mistake was not discovered in time for correction in the first issue of the catalogue. As it stands, No. 117 is attributed to James Stark, and No. 185 to George Vincent; whereas, as a matter of fact, Vincent painted No. 117 and Stark painted 185.

#### THE STAGE.

##### STAGE NOTES.

MR. BUCHANAN's play, "Fascination," is to take, sooner than we had expected, the place of Mr. Henry A. Jones's admirable and admirably acted "Heart of Heart." Miss Harriet Jay is to be the heroine, and it is expected that Miss Vane will give a sufficiently clever reading of a very disagreeable character. Meanwhile, or at all events at first—Miss Kate Rorke, the accepted heroine at the Vaudeville—an admirable Sophia and excellent in "Heart of Hearts"—will take the holiday which she has long been without.

ONE of the last links that connects the stage of to-day with the stage of Edmund Kean is snapped by the death of the veteran, Mr. Chippendale. A mellow Sir Peter Teazle, a perfect Sir Anthony Absolute, a Polonius without rival, he yet knew how to take his part with amazing effect in such unfortunate rubbish as "Our American Cousin." Indeed, like Mr. Howe, he was long a pillar of the Haymarket. Yet the provinces saw some of the best of his representations, and saw them with enthusiasm. Mr. Howe, who is with Mr. Irving at Chicago, and Mr. Walter Lacy, who never leaves London we believe, unless it is to go to Brighton, remain as almost the sole representatives of our earlier stage. Both are many years younger than Mr. Chippendale was, yet neither is exactly in his first youth. Mr. Chippendale was eighty-six. He had a store of theatrical gossip, masses of newspaper cuttings, and he had the courage to live—like Mr. Henry Fawcett lived—"over the water," having taken up his abode in South London long before the comedian had got to deem it his first duty to be fashionable, and only his second to understand the requirements of his art.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

AFTER a short break at Christmas, the Popular Concerts recommenced last Saturday afternoon. Schubert's Quartette for strings in A minor is a never-failing attraction; and deservedly, for the composer never wrote anything more lovely, nor anything more thoroughly filled with the individuality of his genius. Mme. Norman-Néruda is also heard at her best when leading this work. Mr. C. Hallé played Beethoven's Sonata in D, commonly known as "The Pastoral." His interpretation was excellent, though we could not help thinking that he lingered too long over some passages in the first movement. Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in D (Op. 70, No. 1) concluded the programme. Mr. Thorndike, who sang in place of Mr. Santley, was not in his best voice.

On Monday evening Mr. Chappell tried the experiment of beginning at 8.30 instead of 8 p.m. The constant late arrivals probably suggested this change. We, however, doubt the wisdom of it. The only result last Monday was that the late comers came later than ever, and of such there was an unusually large number. Beethoven's Quartette in D (Op. 18, No. 3) is a fine example of the composer's early manner; but a more interesting choice might, we think, have been made. Miss Fanny Davies made her

first appearance this season, and played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. Her rendering of the Prelude was brilliant, though at times it lacked the necessary *élan*. In the Fugue there was a slight want of power noticeable in the right hand, especially in the chords preceding the Chorus. Miss Davies, however, played with her accustomed skill and intelligence. She was much applauded, but bravely resisted the *encore*. This is a good step in the right direction: the *encore* to the piano solo at these concerts was becoming a mere habit. Miss Fanny Davies also took part with Signor Piatti in Schumann's *Märchenbilder*. Signor Piatti played beautifully; but we prefer to hear these pieces with viola, as originally intended by Schumann. Then the effect, especially in the last, is more weird. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's Quartette in B minor (Op. 3, No. 3), in which showy work for the pianoforte Miss Davies had full opportunity of distinguishing herself. Mr. Thorndike was again the vocalist, and was well received.

MR. Henschel gave his eighth Symphony Concert on Tuesday evening. The programme contained a curious mixture of old and new music. Berlioz' wild but characteristic Overture to "King Lear" stood at the head. This was followed by some fantastic variations on the "Dies Irae," for piano and orchestra, which we feel inclined to call Liszt's masterpiece of ugliness. "It is extraordinary," said one lady to another, going out of the hall, "how any pianist can play such stuff." "It is more extraordinary," rejoined the second lady, "how anyone could have written it." So say we. Mr. Fritz Hartvigson played this "Todtentanz," full of perilous passages, in a skilful, sympathetic, and artistic manner, and was loudly applauded and recalled at the close. After all this sensational music came Beethoven's second Symphony—a calm after a storm. Mrs. Henschel sang with her accustomed fluency and charm Rameau's Air, "Rossignols amoureux," from his Opera "Hippolyte et Aricie." The flute obbligato part was effectively rendered by Mr. Svendsen. Then followed another specimen of old French music. Monsigny, a prolific and successful writer of operas in the eighteenth century, is now chiefly remembered by the quaint Chaconne and Rigaudon from "Aline," selected by Mr. Henschel. We believe these pieces were last given at the Crystal Palace. The concert concluded with Liszt's brilliant Hungarian Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in which again Mr. Hartvigson showed how thoroughly he could enter into the spirit of Liszt's music.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### AGENCIES.

London Agents, Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, 186 Strand.

Copies of the ACADEMY can also be obtained every Saturday morning in EDINBURGH of Mr. MENZIES; in DUBLIN of Messrs. W. H. SMITH AND SONS; in MANCHESTER of Mr. J. HEYWOOD. Ten days after date of publication, in NEW YORK, of Messrs. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

##### TO THE ACADEMY.

(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

	YEARLY.	HALF-YEARLY.	QUARTERLY.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
If obtained of a Newsvendor or at a Railway Station . . .	0 13 0	0 6 6	0 3 3
Including Postage to any part of the United Kingdom . . .	0 15 2	0 7 7	0 3 10
Including Postage to any part of France, Germany, India, China, &c. . . . .	0 17 4	0 8 8	0 4 4